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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

1813—1893

OF

REV. CHARLES E. BROWN

WITH SKETCHES OF HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

AND

EXTRACTS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

REV. PHILLIP PERRY BROWN

1790—1862

WITH SKETCHES OF HIS CHILDREN

AND

THE FAMILY RECORD

1767—1907



IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF MY WIFE

F R A N C E S L Y O N B R O W N

WHOMO for nearly fifty years shared with me
the labor, trials and privations of pioneer
missionary life; whose cheery presence made
the humble log cabin on the western frontier
the happiest of homes, and whose sunny, hope-
ful disposition found for every cloud a silver
lining, these recollections are affectionately in-
scribed.



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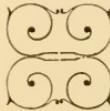
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REV. AND MRS. CHAS. E. BROWN

Saint Joseph, Missouri, }
February 23rd, 1893. }

*At the request of my children, I undertake
an Autobiography, and commence it on this,
my eightieth birthday.*

*Imperfectly kept diaries will furnish some
data, but recollections must come principally
from memory's store.*

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Augusta, Oneida County, New York, February 23, 1813. My father, Phillip Perry Brown, was born in Bennington, Vermont, September 17, 1790, and died in Madison, Madison County, New York, September 23, 1876.

He was a Baptist minister and was for more than fifty years a zealous, faithful and successful worker in his calling—as pastor of Baptist Churches in central New York.

His mother, Anna Perry Brown, was of the family of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of Revolutionary fame; though not closely related.

My mother, Betsy Dickey, was born in Wethersfield, Vermont, October 23, 1788, and died in Hamilton, New York, April 2nd, 1862.

Her father was a Scotch Irishman, who came from Londonderry, North Ireland to Londonderry, New Hampshire, before the revolutionary war. She was an exemplary Christian woman and a devoted, loving wife and mother.

I was the second of a family of nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom

only three are now living, myself, a brother and sister.

Before my recollection my parents moved from Augusta to Smithfield, in Madison County.

This was a new and heavily timbered country, and here, amid the privations and hardships of pioneer life with limited means, we lived until my eighteenth year.

The maple forest furnished us with sugar and syrup. Wheat flour was something of a luxury. Wild game from the timber and trout from the streams supplied meat for the table.

Spelling schools, apple parings, coasting, and the usual games of a pioneer farming community were our youthful sports.

The family was healthy and the services of the neighborhood doctor were very seldom needed.

In the fall of 1829, my father became pastor of the Baptist Church at Augusta.

During the summer and fall of 1831 I worked for Danforth Armour on his farm, at the summit of what was known as the "Mile Hill"—the grade beginning at Leland's Tavern, the five chimney house. The Lelands' became in time wealthy and well known keepers of famous hotels. Near the top of the Mile Hill the road forked, the main road running southwest and the other due west.

The Armour farm lay along the south side of the west road, west of the Peterboro turnpike. The house, one and a half-story frame, unpainted, contained three small rooms below and a bed room and store room above.

The large, old-fashioned chimney and fire place was in one end with a ladder alongside leading to the room above.

The family consisted of the parents, two little boys, Simeon and Watson in dresses, and a little girl baby in the mother's arms. The following year a third boy was born, who was named Phillip.

The home, though humble, was a very happy one.

Danforth Armour's parents came from New England to New York at an early day. New York at that time was "out west." Many years later Danforth returned to Connecticut to find a helpmate—Miss Julia A. Brooks, daughter of a well to do Yankee farmer.

I feel that the incidents above related are worthy of special notice when I realize the good influence exerted in the west by the three sons of Danforth Armour during the past twenty-five years.

Phillip D. Armour, Simeon B. Armour and Allison W. Armour have honored the name they bear, the place that gave them birth,

and the sturdy New England stock from which they sprung.

I was paid thirty-two dollars in cash for my four months' work on the Armour farm. Within a week from the time I got the money, I met an acquaintance who knew of its receipt and wanted to borrow just that amount. He plead so earnestly and made such fair promises to repay soon that I let him have it, and at this time the amount is still due and unpaid, principal and interest.

Late in the fall of 1831 I went to Augusta to learn the tanning, currying and shoemaking business with Hazard Wilbur, a deacon of my father's church.

At a revival meeting in September 1832, I with many others, became a Christian, and was baptized by my father. Soon after I became impressed with the conviction that it was my duty to preach the gospel, and a few weeks later I began at the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary a course of study to prepare for the ministry.

In the spring of 1833, Professor Daniel Hascall opened at Florence, Oneida County, a manual labor school, which I entered. During school term—out of school hours, my room mate joined me in cutting down trees and chopping them into logs, which during vacation we hauled with a yoke of cattle, hired for

the purpose, and the land cleared in this way, helped to defray part of the cost of our education.

I taught school two winters, that of 1834-5, at Pittston, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, at the head of the Wyoming Valley.

Across the Susquehanna River in sight of Pittston, occurred the Wyoming massacre of the settlers by British Tories and Indians in July 1778. One of the little girl captives carried away by the Indians was Francis Slocum, and among my pupils was a young lady who was her niece. Fifty-seven years passed and no intelligence had ever been received of the captives. Some years after this she was found in Indiana with the remnant of a tribe, the wife of an Indian, and mother of grown children. A brother and sister from Pennsylvania visited the tribe and endeavored to induce her to return and spend the remainder of her life with them; but she refused, preferring to stay with her children.

In March 1838, I held a revival meeting in Deacon Holdrege's school house in the town of Frankfort, Herkimer County, a few miles west of Frankfort village. Father Harvey, a licensed preacher 104 years old, was a good helper at these meetings. His wife by second marriage, was so much younger than himself, her family opposed the marriage for the

reason that she would soon have a helpless old man to care for. But she became old and feeble, and Father Harvey, much smarter and more active, had her to care for, which he did with the utmost love and tenderness.

As in his younger days, the first thing on rising in the pulpit was to take off his coat. I love to recall those school house revivals with Father Harvey in his chair in front of the desk and his tender heart-moving voice in prayer and exhortation.

During April and May 1838, in the absence of Elder Thomas Houston, the pastor, I preached in the Baptist Church at Frankfort. At this time my father, then pastor of the Litchfield Church, was engaged in a revival at Little Falls. The meetings were interesting and powerful, and I went down to witness the display of God's saving mercy and help in the good work.

From Frankfort to Little Falls, twelve miles, was my first ride on a railroad. The rails were of wood, with strap iron about the width and thickness of a wagon tire spiked on. The coaches contained two compartments with cross seats, passengers on one seat riding backwards. The conductor while collecting tickets, walked on a plank outside holding onto a hand rail under the eaves of the coaches.

Arriving at Little Falls I went directly to the church where services were being held. After church I was invited to the home of Stephen W. Brown, then Sheriff of Herkimer County, a leading merchant and business man, with the understanding that I would be entertained there during my stay. Meeting with a very cordial reception, I soon felt at home with Mr. Brown's family, which consisted of himself and wife, and George D. and Frances Lyon, brother and sister of Mrs. Brown. Though of the same name, we were not related, and this was my first visit to Little Falls.

Mr. George Lyon had for some time been a member of the Baptist Church, and his sister Frances, whom I met there for the first time, and who became in the fall following my loved and honored companion in the journey of life; was a very bright and interesting convert of the revival then in progress. I have always felt that this meeting and its results was kindly directed by an over-ruling and all-wise providence.

Rev. J. W. Olmsted, long the able and influential editor of the *Watchman* of Boston, was the beloved pastor of the Little Falls Baptist Church at this time.

With a class of about twenty-five, I finished the course at Hamilton, July 15th, 1838 and

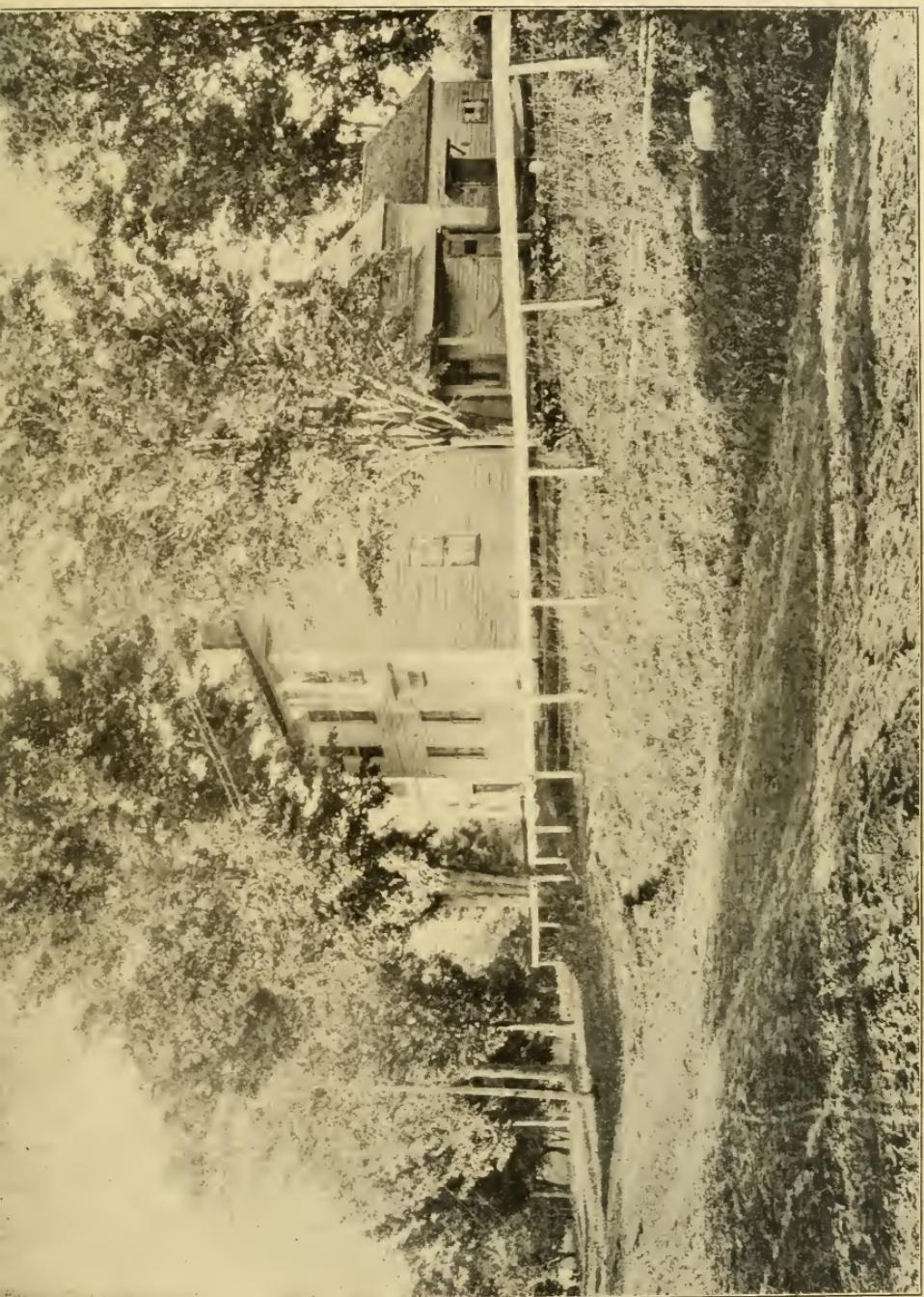
on the 20th of September at Litchfield where my father was pastor, I was regularly ordained to the work of preaching the gospel.

On September 26th in the Baptist Church at Little Falls, Rev. Augustus Beach officiating, I was married to Frances Lyon.

Through the influence of my brother William, then pastor of the Baptist Church at Newport, I had been invited to visit the church at Norway, Herkimer County, which resulted in a call to the pastorate.

Early in November we began housekeeping in the Norway parsonage, with the untried responsibility of pastoral work on a salary of \$275.00 a year and the use of the parsonage.

Through the very kind and generous assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Brown we had a plain but sufficient outfit for housekeeping.



BAPTIST PARSONAGE, NORWAY, HERKIMER COUNTY, NEW YORK



BAPTIST CHURCH, NORWAY.

CHAPTER II.

For reasons that at the time seemed sufficient, we remained but eighteen months in Norway.

Two of the deacons objected to the pastor using the same text for morning and afternoon services presenting different branches of the subject, the object being to avoid long sermons.

Not knowing what the outcome of their opposition might be, I quietly resigned, leaving the church in peace and harmony.

Precious revival influences were enjoyed during our stay, twenty-nine being baptized, but not all into the Norway church.

On July 30, 1839, at the Norway parsonage, our first child was born, a little boy, who was named Benjamin Perry.

Early in March 1839, I went by appointment to visit the church in Morehouseville, Hamilton County, twenty miles north of Norway, in the primeval forest then known as the Great North Woods, now the Adirondack region.

I found there a few worthy members and

at once began revival meetings in the school house.

Oh, the precious seasons there enjoyed.
"How sweet their memory still."

On March 24th, a beautiful bright sunny day, the snow still deep in the wilderness—the ice being cut away in the west Canada creek—I baptized nine in its clear waters. In May following I visited the place again and baptized two more.

I always enjoyed missionary work in school houses and distant neighborhoods of my pastoral fields.

During the first pastorate at Norway, I visited a new settlement at the head of Pizeco Lake, about twenty miles beyond Morehouseville, in the almost pathless wilderness.

Leaving Norway, our next field of labor beginning in April 1840, was in the town of Warren, in the southern part of Herkimer County. Little could be accomplished in religious work the first year owing to the exciting and all-absorbing "*Log Cabin, Hard Cider, Tippecanoe and Tyler too*" Presidential campaign, resulting in the election of Harrison and Tyler. But the following year a good degree of interest was manifested and baptism and additions to the church membership occurred frequently.

A growing interest in and love for pioneer

missionary work directed our thoughts to some new field of labor in the distant West.

At Warren October 30th, 1840, our second child was born, a son, who was named Charles Perry.

During this month our wish for missionary work in the West was laid before the New York State Missionary Convention at its annual meeting then in session at Whitesboro.

The application said nothing about salary or any special location, excepting a preference expressed for Iowa. The request was favorably endorsed by the convention and an appointment by the American Baptist Home Missionary Society recommended.

This appointment came in due time, designating the forks of the Maquoketa river in Jackson County, Iowa, as the field of labor, with an allowance of one hundred dollars a year from the board and seventy-five dollars for traveling expenses to the field.

Our family then consisted of myself, wife and the two little boys, Benjamin and Charles. As household goods could not be economically shipped so far we sold everything except clothing, bedding, a common table and stand which could be conveniently packed, and a rocking chair, taken for the comfort and convenience of the mother in caring for the little ones on the journey.

We bought a small cook stove, which was taken down, packed in straw and boxed for shipment. All told our household effects weighed about 1600 pounds.

On Monday May 2nd, 1842, we left Utica on a passenger packet known as a Line boat on the Erie canal, bound for Buffalo en route to Iowa territory.

These boats were provided with a comfortable cabin with berths for passengers in the bow, kitchen and dining cabin at the stern and space amidships for freight and baggage. With good company, clean wholesome food, a sober and accommodating master and crew, the two hundred mile trip from Utica to Buffalo was comfortable and pleasant. The fare, two cents per mile, which included berth and board with no charge for young children, was very reasonable.

Arriving at Tonawanda, twelve miles from Buffalo, at midnight Saturday, we lay by until the next midnight, as the boat did not run on the Sabbath. We reached Buffalo at daylight Monday May 9th, and the family and goods were transferred to the Lake steamer, "Great Western," Captain Walker commanding, which was due to leave that evening for Chicago.

The shades of night were falling when the great steamer with nearly four hundred pas-

sengers bound mostly for Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, put out into the lake for Chicago. Very few had ever been on the water, and ominous clouds were looming up in the west.

The cabin passengers gathered on the promenade deck, some looking back on the lights of the city toward the homes and loved ones they were leaving; some at the dark waters of the lake, and some anxiously at the threatening clouds, many with tearful eyes.

It was one of the most solemn and intensely interesting scenes we ever witnessed and one we will never forget.

We retired to our state room but could not sleep. The storm broke upon us with great fury in the night, but our noble steamer met and faced it bravely, and brought us safely into the harbor at Cleveland, which was the first landing place.

The effect of the night's storm on the stomachs of the passengers was manifest at breakfast, many being absent from the table.

We lay at Cleveland a few hours waiting for the storm to pass.

Excepting a similar experience on Lake Huron, compelling us to lay by for four hours at Presque Isle, we had pleasant sailing to Chicago, where we arrived Saturday afternoon and put up at a small two-story hotel called the New York House.

In the evening we attended meeting in the Baptist Church, located on the lot where the Chamber of Commerce now stands, and heard a sermon by Rev. Thomas Powell. The church was a frame building boarded "up and down" and battened, without ceiling, exposing collar beams, rafters and roof boards.

The Court House was near by on a five acre lot enclosed with a common fence. It was a small brick building, located at the north side of the lot.

The following letter to a sister in New York State, written by Mrs. Brown en route, May 12th-16th, 1842, is interesting:

THURSDAY, Lake St. Clair,
May 12th, 1842.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER—

In accordance with your request, I improve the first convenient season for writing you some of the incidents of our journey thus far. We are on board the Great Western, the most splendid vessel on the lakes. It is a lovely morning, the lake is still and we are sailing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We are furnished with every comfort and convenience that could be obtained in the best hotel. Our journey has been pleasant, with the exception of some little sea-sickness for

the first few hours on Lake Erie. Benny and myself have had a pretty thorough emetic. Mr. B. and Charley escaped with a little nausea of the stomach, and no vomiting. We have been sailing up the Detroit river this morning with Victoria's dominions on our right hand, and borders of Michigan on the left; passed a British military station; saw a number of her Majesty's red-coated gentry. Our steamer stopped some time at Detroit. We went on shore. I priced articles in a number of dry goods establishments, found a handsome assortment, and as low as can be purchased in New York. We find the tide of emigration to the far west has by no means subsided. There are between three and four hundred passengers on board, and quite a large proportion go round to Chicago. The children have been less trouble than I anticipated. We left Utica Monday morning in the Little Western; Captain Newcomb, a pleasant man and fine crew; heard no profane language; had a good cook and good fare, and with the exception of speed found ourselves comfortable.

Called on Mrs. Dr. Grey, found her well. Saw Elon Carpenter and his wife, and Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Grey's mother, likewise her sister, Mrs. Beach and two daughters. Called on Mrs. Lyman, saw her and her boy. Mr.

Lyman was not in. She lives directly opposite Dr. Grey in Jordan, quite a pretty village on the canal. Had the good fortune to find Cousin Francis in Albion, though we had but a short time to visit with him. He was well, in good spirits; says he is doing well, and designs visiting Little Falls in July (tell frlend C. we shall want a good hatter in our city, and I think they had better come on). Cousin Francis seemed very glad to see us, and said he would have gone on with us to Buffalo had he not been in the dye kettle.

We were detained by a break in the canal below Rochester, in consequence of which we did not reach Buffalo as soon as we expected. The boat belonged to the six-day line, and lay up at Tonawanda, a village twelve miles below Buffalo, and spent the Sabbath. A Methodist minister preached in the morning, and Mr B. in the afternoon. We were invited to tea at the public house kept by a Mr. Briggs, whose wife is a Baptist. On the whole, spent the day quite pleasantly. We were detained in Buffalo until Tuesday, seven in the evening waiting for the sailing of the vessel.

Monday Morning, Chicago,
May 16th, 1842.

We arrived in this city yesterday afternoon safe and sound. Our passage from Buffalo,

together with freight, cost us forty-eight dollars; from Little Falls to Buffalo twenty-three.

We had one day of rough weather on Lake Huron but none of us were sea sick. I think had not my stomach been foul I should have escaped altogether. On the whole we have had a pleasant journey; are much pleased with the appearance of the western country so far. Milwaukee, Racine and Southport on the Wisconsin shore are pleasant villages. We passed Mackinaw in the night, regretted it very much, as it is said to be a very interesting spot.

We are at the New York House in Chicago. There were eighty people at breakfast; very good accommodations; have plenty of radishes, onions, lettuce, etc,

Mr. B is making arrangements for prosecuting our journey to Iowa. The weather is fine and the roads good, and we hope to get along without any difficulty.

Benny talks about Aunt Brown and baby George, Fred, Aunt Mary and all the friends he has left behind. I cannot realize the distance that separates us. It seems to be annihilated by the facilities for overcoming it. I think to come by railroad from Little Falls to Buffalo, and then by the lakes to Chicago, would make a delightful jaunt. Take an emetic before you leave.

We shall hope to see you next season, I think the first of June or last of May would be about the right time to leave.

A very genteel family from the city of Philadelphia are just leaving for the country.

We shall soon be on the load teaming off. Remember us affectionately to all friends—Chloe, Mrs. Green, the doctor, Dr. Brown, all the good brothers and sisters in the church.

I just sent to the office hoping for a letter or papers from home, found none. Let us hear from you at our home, Nelson has the direction.

Love again to all.

Yours in haste,

FRANCES.

Mrs. S. W. Brown, Little Falls,
Herkimer County, N. Y.

On Monday we found a man from Rockford, Illinois, who came in with a lumber wagon and a load of produce and engaged him to take us to Savanna, on the Mississippi river. After loading our things, the rocking chair brought from New York was fastened on top of one of the boxes with a small chair secured alongside.

Seated in the rocker with the youngest child in her lap, and the other in the little chair by her side Mrs. Brown cheerily said,

"Now, this is fine," and there was sunshine on the load all the way through.

I took a seat on the box beside the driver with our feet on the whiffle-trees, and we started on our two hundred mile drive to our future home in the territory of Iowa.

A dry spring fortunately saved us the trouble of prying our wagon out of the mud in the streets of Chicago.

We stopped for the first night about twelve miles out on the Elgin road, and the second at a small log cabin at Pigeon Woods, sixteen miles west of Elgin, where a hearty appetite for supper was demoralized by badly tainted ham; and the presence of two loads of stage coach passengers to be cared for obliged us to sleep on the floor. But these incidents were minor matters in a journey like this.

Early next morning, proceeding on our way we found a satisfactory breakfast at a small cabin located where the town of Marengo now stands. At noon we reached Belvidere, where we enjoyed a visit with Prof. P. S. Whitman who was one of my teachers at Hamilton. Here on the public square we saw the stakes used to support a rude platform which had been the resting place of the body of an Indian chief. The body was gone but the poles and some fragments of his burial dress

were there, a dismal and grawsome reminder of the past.

That evening we arrived at the west side tavern at Rockford where, to our great disappointment, our teamster was summoned as a witness in a case on trial, delaying us until the following Monday. But while tarrying we found a good home and pleasant friends in the family of the Rev. Solomon Knapp, pastor of the Baptist Church at Rockford, for whom I preached on Sunday; my first sermon in the west.

Monday morning, in good health and spirits, with fine weather and roads we continued our journey, taking the Galena stage road to Twelve Mile Grove, thence turning directly west for the Mississippi.

About sun down we reached Crane's grove, and as the next stopping place was eighteen miles west, here we must put up for the night. Mrs. Crane from Kentucky, middle aged and stout, was just coming from the cow yard with a pail of milk. To our inquiry if we could stop for the night she replied, "Oh, I reckon, though I am mighty tired. The old cow gives a right smart of milk, well on to half a bushel."

That night our teamster overfed his horses with grain and next morning found one of them dead. We arranged with Mr. Crane to

take us eighteen miles to Cherry grove, where we stopped with a Mr. Gardner, Mr. Crane's brother-in-law, who next day took us to Savanna on the Mississippi. We here had our first view of the mighty river, its volume then being much greater than in later years. That evening we were ferried across to Charleston, now Sabula, and put up for the night at the town tavern. In the morning engaged a man and team to take us the remaining twenty-five to thirty miles to the end of our long journey.

Owing to rain we were late in starting. About noon stopped for dinner at a cabin on the west bank of Deep Creek, where we found nothing to eat but eggs. Of these they had eleven, which were boiled for us.

The children would not eat them. We did not see any other human habitation until night had fallen, when the little ones, tired and hungry, had long since cried themselves to sleep.

In the darkness of midnight we reached a cabin occupied by Mr. C. W. Doolittle, when at that spectral hour, in silence and solitude that could be felt, we were at the end of our long journey, nearly a thousand miles from home and friends in the distant east. The Indian had recently left, and his pale faced successors were few and far between.

We had been twenty-four days on the road

and had lost but little time, having diligently pursued our way from the start. It is one of the wonders of a marvelous age to realize that the distance can now be made in less than twenty-four hours in luxurious ease and comfort and that this is actually done every day.

With cordial frontier hospitality which we gratefully appreciated, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle turned out and welcomed us, prepared supper and then gave us their bed, while they found lodging for themselves and family in the cabin loft. Tired and worn by the long and tedious last day's drive we slept sweetly and soundly, four in the bed, myself, wife and two children.

CHAPTER III.

Arriving in the night we could see nothing of the near by country, and owing to a dense fog nothing was visible next morning.

After breakfast, accompanied by Brother Doolittle, I called on some neighboring families two miles to the southwest.

Upon inquiry I found to my surprise that there was no church or organized Baptist society. The settlement was very new, with a few Baptist families widely scattered. This and the fog, and the fact that aside from the \$100 per year from the home missionary board, our living was to come from our field of labor was rather discouraging and made me feel a little blue.

But during our walk a breeze came up and carried away the fog. The clouds lifted and the sun came out, revealing a most beautiful prairie country to the south, with a grand body of Moquaketa timber to the north for a background. My blues went with the fog; hope, courage and cheer came with the sunshine and clear sky. But how would my dear wife feel, for I knew, and she knew, that the privation

and hardship of a new country would fall most heavily on the wife and mother in the little log cabin home.

Doubt was soon removed, for on my return she met me near the house with a bright and cheerful face saying, "Charles, we came to Iowa to do good and we will stay and trust in the Lord."

Oh, how welcome was that greeting. We had faith in God's promise: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

We arrived at the cabin of Brother Doolittle at midnight on Thursday, May 26, 1842. The Baptist families and settlers generally gave us a very cordial welcome.

A meeting was to be held at Iowa City June 3rd to organize a Territorial Missionary Convention, and I desired to attend. Iowa City was about a hundred miles to the southwest and there was no roads to mention and very few settlers on the route.

Bro. Doolittle's family was large and we found a temporary home with Bro. Levi Decker. Sister Decker very kindly proposed to care for our little ones and allow Mrs. Brown to go with me to Iowa City, an arrangement we were glad to make. Procuring a horse and light wagon of Brother Doolittle, we set out on the morning of June 1st, taking

a trail that led to what was known as Bergoon's ford across the Wasepinecon river some twenty-five miles away. We soon lost the dim uncertain trail, but having a good general idea of the direction did not miss our way. The weather was fine, the prairies carpeted with wild flowers, and the trip novel and wonderfully interesting. The broad expanse of rolling prairies extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach, with now and then a beautiful grove to relieve the monotony, was a great change from the hills, valleys and heavy timber of our central New York home.

Nearing the Wapsy settlement we came onto a prairie creek, narrow and deep with abrupt banks. How to cross was a problem. But we were nearly twenty miles on our road and would not turn back. Helping Mrs. Brown across with our baggage I started far enough away from the creek to get the horse on a smart trot, and as he came to the bank gave him a sharp blow with the whip at the same time jumping out. Over he went, scattering things, but nothing was broken or damaged. We stopped for dinner at the little cabin of a settler not far beyond the creek. An early start and the long June day's drive brought us to Tipton, the county seat of Cedar County, for the night. We found there

a log cabin hotel and a log court house. Leaving appointments for preaching at Tipton and the Wapsy crossing settlement on our return trip, and getting an early start and making a long drive, we reached Iowa City on the evening of the second day.

At this time there were no railroads west of the State of New York. The western boundary of lands to which the Indian title had been extinguished by treaty and purchase and which were open to settlement, was only eighteen miles from Iowa City. The counties bordering on this west line were Van Buren, Jefferson, Washington, Johnson, Linn, Buchanan, Fayette and Clayton.

It was good to meet the brethren and sisters from different and distant parts of the territory. Business was soon and easily attended to, and the last three days were occupied with preaching and devotional services. Returning we filled the Tipton appointment Monday, and at the Wapsy settlement the next day, arriving home that night.

Our next important temporal affair was to select a location and build a log house. Timber being plenty and saw mills scarce, houses were generally of logs.

Becoming acquainted with the people at Wright's Corners, two and one-half miles south of the present site of Maquoketa, we

decided to locate there. Our neighbors were, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wright, Alfred Wright, Levi Decker, John Riggs, David Bentley and others, and better people we need not ask for. They very generously turned out with teams and axes and cut and hauled logs from a grove a few miles west for a cabin 12 x 18 feet. The logs were hewn on two sides, and in a fortnight the body of the house was up. Some sawed lumber was necessary, and Mr. John Riggs joining me, we went to a saw mill at Canton, eighteen miles above, on the Maquoketa river. Going on foot to Canton we bought the lumber, made a raft of it and started down the river through a dense wilderness.

The undergrowth was thick in the heavy timber, with but few clearings, the river low, and snags and sand bars gave us much trouble making our progress slow. At sundown of the first day we came to the hut of an old hermit named Lodge. The next clearing and cabin were miles below. We were hungry and wet. It was unseasonably cold, and night with Egyptian darkness was coming on in that narrow stream, with its heavy timber and undergrowth. But Lodge's cabin was a wretched place, shared by a chicken pen and afforded no accommodation. There was nothing to do but go on and that we did.

It soon became so dark we could not see each other on the raft and nothing of the river or our way, but by good fortune, snags, sand bars and the river banks were avoided. In fact we went better in the darkness than we had in the daylight. A break in the forest giving a glimpse of the sky told us when the next clearing was reached about eleven o'clock.

Neither habitation or lights were visible, but a hail brought a response. We found a comfortable cabin with a cheerful and most welcome open fire. Getting some bread and milk for supper, the next want was a place to sleep. There were in the small room three beds all fully occupied. But two men in a bed on the floor very kindly proposed to lie cross-ways and make room for us and we turned in, and being very tired, slept soundly.

The next day completed the river part of our journey, and a three mile haul to the south brought our lumber to its destination. Wright's Corners were on the line between Jackson and Clinton Counties, and our cabin was about twenty rods from the line, in Clinton County, on the east side of the north and south road, with the east branch of Prairie Creek in front on the west, the road running between the cabin and the creek.

With rough loose boards for floors above

and below we moved in, without doors or windows, and I went forty miles to Dubuque for some stove pipe. But settled in our own home, though scantily furnished with table, stand, rocking and small chair and a few dishes, we were contented and happy.

Our first bedstead was of hickory poles. A few carpenters' tools fortunately brought along provided means for making many useful articles of furniture out of the boxes in which our goods were packed, such as a cupboard for dishes, another for books, and a bed for the oldest boy.

CHAPTER IV.

With our neighbors we at once began work on a log school house, a few rods south of our cabin, where without floor, doors or windows, we opened a Sunday School. A Mr. Thomas Flathers was made superintendent. This was the first school house in Clinton County and there was none in Jackson County, and it was used by me as a meeting house for preaching and other religious services.

Six miles west, at the house of Brother Earl was another place where meetings were regularly held. There was in Brother Earl's house no stove or fire-place. Fire for warming and cooking was built on the ground in the middle of one room. An opening was left in the roof to let out the smoke, but it did not all, or always, go out of this opening, and my congregation was often in tears over the omission.

Another appointment was at a cabin on a ridge twelve miles in the timber. Here a day or two before one of my visits the owner killed a monster panther which was after one of his hogs.

My first sermon in Iowa was in the unfinished log cabin of John Shaw, where Maquoketa now stands; the second at Iowa City; the third at Tipton; the fourth at Bergoon's Ford on the Wapsy, and the fifth at a Methodist Quarterly meeting held in their log church in the timber. This church had then no floor or window openings, light coming in through the open door, and the spaces in the log sides. Meetings held where the village of Maquoketa now stands were in a sod-covered log cabin built for a blacksmith shop.

During the first summer in Iowa, I preached once in Rock Island, four times in Davenport, three times in Marion, Linn County; three times in Tipton, Cedar County; and once at Andrew, the county seat of Jackson County.

A man named Jackson was hung to the limb of an oak tree near the log court house in Andrew that summer for the murder of a man named Perkins. Perkins had a claim on the Maquoketa river, and Jackson jumped it and killed him. This claim was between Canton and Maquoketa, and my neighbor Riggs and I, with our raft of lumber, went past the Perkins' clearing and the scene of the murder on our trip down the river.

The one hundred dollars a year from the Missionary Board was the only money received, and postage, which was twenty-five

cents a letter, made a heavy inroad on this amount, and if some kind Eastern friend enclosed a one dollar bill then the postage became fifty cents. But soon after moving into our home, Bloomfield postoffice was established, with our cabin for the office and myself the postmaster; and I was allowed to receive letters free from postage as one of the emoluments of the office, a privilege thoroughly appreciated. How good it was to get letters from the old home and not have to pay out the last quarter for postage. We had one in-coming and one out-going mail a week, on horse back.

On August 31, 1842, a meeting was held at the home of Brother Earl for the purpose of organizing a Baptist Church. An organization was effected with the following members:

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Doolittle, Mr and Mrs. Jason Pangborn, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Esq. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Brown, Mrs. Eliza Ballard, Mrs. Mitchell.

Other Baptist People in that region were: Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Wilcox, on Bear Creek; Mr. Woodsworth, twelve miles in the timber; Mrs, Jno. Wilcox, at South Grove; Mrs. David Bentley, at Wright's Corners; Mr. and Mrs. Clark, three miles northeast, and Mrs. Palmer at Andrew.

Bro. Jason Pangborn and family came from Northeastern New York. Sister Pangborn was a devoted Christian, educated and refined. Like most of the early settlers, their means were very limited. Before leaving their eastern home she became blind. When we called on them they were living in a small log cabin at the northeast corner of the quarter section on which the Midland Northwestern Railway station is located, at Maquoketa.

In that little cabin with scarcely anything contributing to comfort or convenience, and with her husband and four small children, cheerfully, without complaint, she was, with extended hands, feeling her toilsome way in total darkness, caring for her family.

Some years later we attended the funeral of one of her children, a little boy. She had never seen him. At the close of the services she was led to the open coffin. Standing there tenderly and lovingly for a few moments with tears fast falling from her sightless eyes, she passed her hands over the cold face saying, "I have never seen the dear child's face. I must get an impression of how he looks." The dear mother has gone where the blind can see and where loving eyes are never dimmed by tears.

At the Iowa City Convention in June, ar-

rangements were made for a meeting in Davenport on the 16th of September, for the purpose of organizing an association embracing all the churches north of the Iowa river. When the time came to go to Davenport, Bro. Doolittle could furnish a horse for me to ride. But that would not do, as I wanted Mrs. Brown to go. The light wagon used on the trip to Iowa City was gone. Borrowing the rear axle, wheels and hounds of a lumber wagon, I made a pair of shafts from fence poles, and a seat by boring holes in these poles, putting in wooden pins of suitable length and fastening a board on top. A bundle of oats was used for a cushion, made necessary by the lack of spring in the axle-tree. With this conveyance we set out for our forty mile ride to Davenport, having the advantage over our Iowa City journey—of a very well defined road. We thoroughly enjoyed the ride over the broad prairies and through groves, where the foot of civilized man had been, until very recently, a stranger since time began.

The first human habitation after leaving our neighborhood was at Point Pleasant, Kirtley's ferry, where we crossed the Wapsy, about twenty-two miles from home. A few miles farther on our way brought us to Long Grove, where we found some Scotch families, broth-

ers named Brownlee, and here we stopped for the night and were very hospitably entertained by the kind, good people.

Early next day we arrived in Davenport, where, notwithstanding the peculiar and conspicuous character of our conveyance, and the fact that road carts were not as common and popular as in later years, we had no hesitation and felt no embarrassment in driving through Main Street and to the residence of Dr. Witherwax, where we were invited to stay.

Our meetings were held in the chamber of a small frame building on Front Street. The following churches were represented:

Bath, later LeClaire, organized in June 1839, with six members.

Davenport, organized in September 1839, with seven members.

Dubuque, organized in August 1840, with eleven members.

Bloomington, now Muscatine, organized in October 1841, with five members.

Iowa City, organized in June 1841, with eleven members.

Forks of the Maquoketa, organized in August 1842, with fourteen members.

Also the Church at Rock Island, Ills.

Every church north of the Iowa river was represented, except one on the line between

Delaware and Jones Counties, of which Rev. Ira Blanchard was pastor.

The pastors present were, Rev. B. Carpenter, Dubuque; Rev. W. B. Morrey, Iowa City; Rev. E. Fisher, Muscatine; Rev. T. Gillett, Rock Island; Rev. C. E. Brown, Maquoketa.

The following, which we quote, expresses the spirit of the meeting, which continued through Friday, Saturday and Sunday:

"This first meeting of the Davenport Association was one of sweet and precious interest. After singing at the close, the hymn, "From Whence Doth This Union Arise," the brethren reluctantly parted for their homes and their work."

These were not the days of railroad coaches and cushioned carriages, but of emigrant trails, unbridged rivers, creeks and sloughs, lumber wagons, prairie schooners and old saddles.

But there was precious enjoyment in this pioneer missionary life and work and we loved it. How sweet the memory still.

CHAPTER V.

The winter of 1842-3, long and cold, set in early in November with a heavy fall of snow.

Our unfinished log cabin away out on the bleak prairie, was not suitable to winter in, and with the approval of the Home Missionary Board, we went to Davenport, intending to return to Maquoketa in the Spring.

We at once engaged in pastoral work with the Davenport and Rock Island Churches. Little could have been accomplished at such a time at Maquoketa; but there was a good opening in the new field. For many weeks, in the dead of that long hard winter, revival meetings were held in the Rock Island Court House, the solid ice bridge on the river enabling the Davenport people to attend and take part, which they did, and shared largely in the good result of the work.

More than fifty new members were received by conversion and baptism in the two churches. Among those baptised were, Harman G. Reynolds and wife, John A. Boyer and wife and Horace Anthony and wife. Brother Reynolds became a useful preacher of the gospel, and

died at Blue Rapids, Kansas. Brother Boyer and wife were for more than forty years among the most useful and exemplary members of the Rock Island Church until they died in the Lord. Brother Boyer was for many years a deacon of the church. Brother Horace Anthony and wife were for many years honored members of the church at Camanche, and there they died. Brother Anthony was one of the deacons of the Camanche Church.

Another of the converts was sister Abigail Swartout, mother of the Rev. F. R. Swartout, an honored minister of the gospel in Illinois.

During the fall of 1842, the brick walls of a small house of worship were put up by the Davenport Church. A few mild days in January were improved to put the roof on, and in this condition it served for holding meetings.

At Davenport in 1842-3, Johnny Dillon, a lad of about twelve years, was one of my Sunday School scholars.

The family from Montgomery County, New York, came to Davenport in 1838. They were, like ourselves and many other pioneers, of limited means and the humbler walks of life; kind, pleasant neighbors and good friends, of high character.

The boy, John Forrest Dillon, through his own efforts, industry, integrity and ability,

became Judge and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, and the author of text books on important legal subjects, a credit to the state of his adoption, loved, honored and respected by its people.

His reputation as a jurist, for ability, attainments, integrity and fairness, and as a law-writer, is second to none in the country.

He resigned his position as United States Circuit Judge, to become Professor of Equity Jurisprudence of the Columbia Law School, and later Chief Counsel for the Union Pacific Railway Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Missouri Pacific Railway.

Judge Dillon is a gentleman of fine personal appearance, commanding presence, dignified, genial, modest, unassuming, kindly and approachable.

In the summer of 1843 we made several missionary trips to points up the river, organizing a church at Port Byron on the Illinois side, where I baptized three into membership, and another at Camanche, where eight were baptized at the time and more later.

The first annual meeting of the Davenport Association was held in Dubuque. Deacon Calkins and myself from Davenport were delegates. We made the eighty mile journey

together in a buggy and put up the first night at Andrew in Jackson County, about fifty miles from Davenport.

We here found to our sorrow, that while the Indians had gone the bed bugs remained. On retiring the deacon being tired, was soon sound asleep, but the elder didn't and couldn't go to sleep. Later the attack became so strenuous he got up and retreated to the door yard and then to a cabin where he found the horse and a nest of pigs.

The pigs vacated, and after remaining a time he decided to try the bed again, thinking the deacon would by this time monopolize the bugs, but to his amazement they were as plentiful as ever, and ten fleas to every bug. He then surrendered without condition, giving up all idea of sleep or rest, and longed for day. These things are mentioned, not in the way of complaint, but as an instance of the spice of pioneer life.

We had at Dubuque a grand, good meeting, six new churches joining the association. Meetings were held in the Baptist Church, a small frame building sixteen by twenty-four feet. This was the first house of worship built by the Baptists in Iowa. The Davenport Church was the second. Returning home, we put up the first night with Deacon Montague near Andrew; very pleasant people,

just out from New York. They lived in a log cabin, roofed with broad boards which were badly warped.

A heavy thunder storm came up in the night and literally rained us out of bed. Deacon Calkins, being much more sensitive to water than to bed bugs, soon turned out, but the elder stayed until the water began running into the bed. We felt very sorry for Sister Montague in her effort to save the nice things she brought with her from her eastern home. Nothing further of interest occurred on our journey home.

In the summer of 1843, Capt. Wilson, who ran the ferry between Davenport and Rock Island, put on a horse-power boat in place of a little scow or yawl, which was a great improvement.

CHAPTER VI.

Our next field of labor was at LeClaire, fifteen miles above Davenport on the river, at the head of the upper rapids, where we went in the spring of 1844. The summer of 1844 was one of high winds, floods and tornados.

The second annual meeting of the Territorial Missionary Convention was held at Mt. Pleasant in Henry County, in June. Brothers James Turner, William Palmer and myself were delegates from LeClaire. For the journey I furnished a light lumber wagon and Brother Turner a horse. To lighten the load the box, except the bottom boards, was taken off. Rain and heavy roads made our progress slow. We put up on the second night about half way between Muscatine and Wapello, then the county seat of Louisa County, and if clouds ever bursted they did all of that night. Far away on the uninhabited grounds west of Wapello we came about noon the next day to Crooked Creek which was booming.

It was about thirty feet wide and ten feet deep. Fording was out of the question. We must swim or turn back, and going back was no part of the programme.

Finding a grape vine near I cut and pulled it out of the tree. Taking the wagon to pieces we used the bottom boards for a raft. The grape vine was fastened to one end and the lines from the harness to the other. I swam the creek with the grape vine, and by pulling the raft back and forth the running gear of the wagon and our baggage was ferried across. Then the horse was driven in and caught on the opposite side, and lastly Bros. Turner and Palmer swam over. This took time and it was eleven o'clock at night when we reached the banks of Big Creek four miles from Mt. Pleasant, and found it flooded and impassable by team, and no human habitation in sight. Calls long and loud at length obtained a reply from a man on the opposite bank who said that half a mile above we would find a cabin, which we did and were very kindly entertained for the night. My companions being elderly men occupied a bed, and I the floor, before a cheerful fire. In the morning we crossed the creek on a tree fallen for that purpose, and walked a few miles to Mt. Pleasant, there being neither ford or ferry for our conveyance. The convention meetings were held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and though roads and weather were bad there was a good attendance and the meetings were very interesting, and we felt amply

compensated for all our trouble in getting there. There was no rain during the meetings and our journey home was made without trouble.

During our stay at LeClaire, a comfortable brick church with stone basement was erected. The credit for building this church was largely due to my wife. We went to New York for the winter of 1844-5, and while there Mrs. Brown collected money enough to make a beginning. I quarried rock for the basement and tended the mason. In the summer of 1845, Elder J. U. Seeley, pastor of the Baptist Church at Muscatine, with a man and horse towed a flat boat up the river fifty miles to Port Byron for lime to build a meeting house for his congregation. I gave him the lumber for doors and windows. That was the way churches were built in Iowa in early days. While pastor of the LeClaire Church I entered some land on the prairie a few miles west of town and built a small brick house, which we occupied until the fall of 1847. Our nearest neighbor was a Scotch-Irish family of Campbells, half a mile to the south. East, west and north, the illimitable prairie spread out without human habitation in sight.

Between our place and LeClaire lived a family of Cody's, and one of the sons, then a

young boy, was William F. Cody, who became Buffalo Bill, the famous scout and showman.

James DeGrush Brown, our third child and son, was born in the brick house on the prairie, February 9th, 1846. In the summer of 1846, my father and mother made us a most welcome visit, driving with one horse and a covered buggy from Madison County, New York, to Scott County, Iowa, a notable journey. They were six weeks on the road each way. During our pioneer days in Iowa, 1842 to 1851, the Indian tribes, from whom the land was had by purchase and treaty, were frequent visitors. They were the genuine Aborigines, uncontaminated by contact with the whites. As a rule friendly, but when game was scarce disposed to make free with the cattle and hogs of the settlers, and their presence always excited some fear of possible danger. They were savages and we never knew what they might do. These Indians were fine specimens of their race; stalwart, dignified, comely, active and fearless; well supplied with wigwams, ponies, robes and blankets, bows, arrows and guns. A visit to their camp was always interesting. In these early days prairie fires were novel, exciting, and often dangerous incidents. In the fall when the heavy growth of grass on prairie and in sloughs was dead and dry they were

frequent. Seen in the night, driven swiftly by high winds, extending for miles, and lighting the heavens with their lurid glow, the sight was something to remember.

Pioneer life on the far western border had its compensations as well as its hardships, privations and trials. The early settlers were proverbially hospitable. Neighbors were sociable, kindly, sympathetic and helpful; and people who lived this life, as a rule loved it, and preferred it to any other.

At LeClaire in the fall of 1843, under the labors of Elder J. N. Seeley, a precious and powerful revival of religion occurred, twenty-two being added to the church by conversion and baptism at the time and more later.

CHAPTER VII.

We remained five years in Scott County, from the fall of 1842 until the fall of 1847, when we returned to Maquoketa. We made several visits to that place during the time, and always felt greatly interested in it. Mr. John E. Goodenow, one of the first settlers and proprietor of the town site, presented me with a lot, on the corner of Platt and Eliza Streets, on which to build a home. The little town had at that time two small general stores; a blacksmith shop, a small brick school house and a hotel, and probably about two hundred people. Between the north and south forks of the Maquoketa river, north and west of town, was the finest body of timber then known in the Territory, owing to the fact that the rivers and conformation of the adjacent country protected it from the ravages of prairie fires.

There was no finer farming country, soil or surroundings to be found in the west. We built a comfortable little home on the lot Mr. Goodenow gave us and occupied it until May, 1851.

We at once resumed pastoral work at

Maquoketa and in February following re-organized the church with sixteen members. During this winter the Baptists and Methodists joined in holding revival meetings, resulting in great good work. The re-organized Baptist Church consisted of nine male and seven female members. The first new members received by baptism were two young ladies, Frances Mears and Mary Pangborn, most excellent and exemplary Christians. My outlying stations for missionary work in the Maquoketa field were LaMotte, twenty miles to the north; Pence's School House, nine miles west on Bear Creek; Burlesons, six miles west, and Wright's Corners, two miles south, where we held very interesting meetings in the chamber of Mr. Wright's new house. Appointments were occasionally made and filled at Cascade and Andrew; small outlying settlements. The pastor and church who confine their work to the narrow limits of the town where they are located cannot have much of the gospel missionary spirit. They need more of the spirit of enlargement that animated the church at Jerusalem when God scattered the members and they went abroad preaching the Word.

Deacon Phillip went down to Samaria and began revival meetings, preaching the precious gospel, and there was great joy in that

city; "For when they believed Phillip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ they were baptized, both men and women."

Peter and others came down from Jerusalem and they went on with the good work. When we next hear of Phillip he is away southwest of Jerusalem. Coming out upon the great road from Jerusalem to Gaza, he met the Ethiopian Eunuch in his chariot reading the book of Isaiah so full of Christ and salvation. God prepares the way for the missionary spirit. Philip said to the Eunuch, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How can I unless some man guides me." "Come with me in the chariot," said the Eunuch, and Phillip began at the same scripture and preached Jesus unto him. And they came to a certain water and the Eunuch said, "Here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And Phillip said, "If thou believeth with all thine heart thou mayest;" and he answered and said, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." And they went down into the water, both Phillip and the Eunuch and he baptized him. Here is an admirable illustration of the simplicity and adaptability of the gospel. Phillip did not say "I am only a deacon, wait while I go to Jerusalem for Peter and he will baptize you. No,

Phillip baptized him and he went on his way rejoicing, doubtless preaching Jesus on the way and when he got home to Ethiopia.

When we study this bit of Phillip's history, how he preached and baptized, regardless of modern ritualism and formalism, and the glorious results that followed, we feel as we imagine Father Leonard, a shouting Methodist, did in our boyhood days. He was a small man but a great shouter, and some of his brethren thought he didn't shout at just the right time, and remonstrated with him, and he promised to restrain his feelings and was remarkably quiet for some time. But one day, in a good old-fashioned meeting, he was seen rubbing his hands and shrugging his shoulders, when straightening up he shouted, "Amen, praise the Lord." "Amen, hit or miss."

We do need in our churches more of Phillip's missionary spirit.

While at Maquoketa a suitable lot was secured for a meeting house.

In 1845 the Maquoketa people began to plan for an Academy, and Mr. Goodenow, always public spirited, generous and enterprising, donated a handsome site for the building. In 1849 the work was taken up and vigorously prosecuted.

Early in the fall of that year at the instance

of the trustees, I went to Eastern New York to solicit funds. Many of the early settlers came from that section and had friends and acquaintances there.

I found the iron industry, in which the capital and labor of that part of the state was largely employed, paralyzed by adverse tariff legislation, (Democratic free trade policy). Business was dull, times hard and money scarce, and very little could be done in the way of obtaining aid for the Maquoketa Academy. But in spite of discouragement the work went on, and the building, handsome and commodious for the time and place, was completed.

Mechanics and laborers engaged on the work were boarded in the families of enterprising citizens to help along, the pioneer wives and mothers cheerfully contributing time and toil in the good cause. Competent teachers were employed and many of the children of the Maquoketa settlers laid there the substantial foundation for their education. Dr. Lake from Kentucky was the first teacher and an uncommonly good one, capable and thorough.

Good lessons and deportment and thorough training was the rule. Dr. Lake was for more than forty years a resident of Maquoketa, and died there loved and respected by all. My

brother-in-law, Mr. James O. DeGrush, of Little Falls, New York, with his wife, Mrs. Brown's sister, visited us at Maquoketa in the summer of 1850.

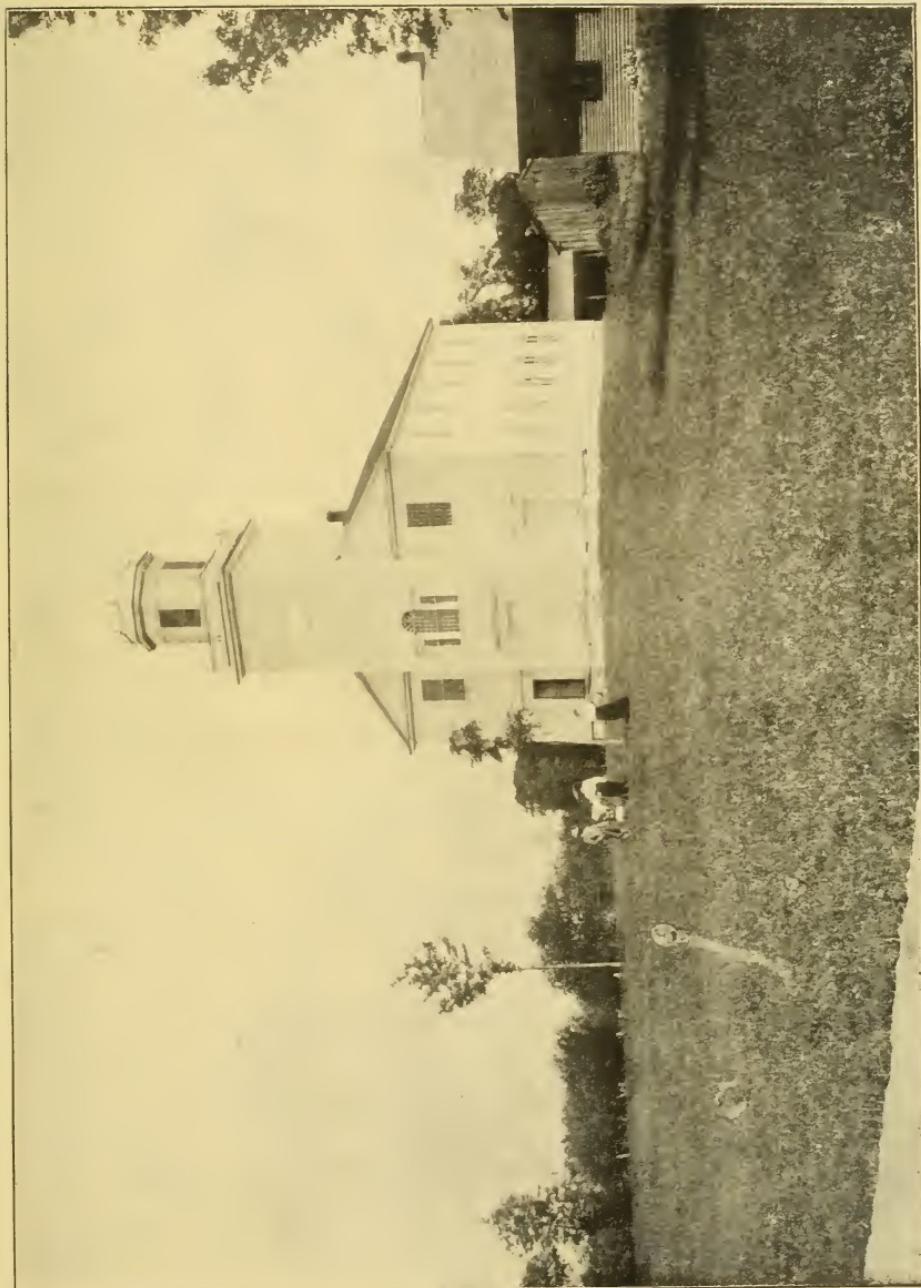
In June I went with them as far as Rock Island on their homeward journey.

Returning with a heavy load of goods for one of our merchants, I was on the road most of one night, which, though in midsummer, was cold with heavy dew.

Getting chilled and taking a severe cold I was very soon the subject of a serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism, confining me to the house and often to my bed much of the time for many months. My general health became so badly broken I decided in the spring of 1851 to return to New York in the hope of regaining it.

Accordingly, on Tuesday, May 26th, 1851, all needful preparations having been made, we took leave of Maquoketa and our western friends and acquaintances, and with our own conveyance, fitted up for making the journey overland, turned our faces toward our old home in the far east.

BAPTIST CHURCH, RUSSIA.



CHAPTER VIII.

At Maquoketa on the 20th day of June 1848, our oldest son, Benjamin Perry Brown, then in his ninth year, was drowned in the Maquoketa river.

In the afternoon of that day permission was given him and his younger brother, Charles, to go bathing with the understanding that they were to go below the Sear's Mill, where the water was shallow and safe.

They very soon fell in with some town boys, playmates, who were on their way to the river for a swim and were going to Brown's Ford, above the mill and dam, in deep water. Some of these boys at once began urging our children to accompany them, and after a long parley, at the place where the road to the ford put off from the one leading down below the mill, Benny and Charles went with them. The boys were all young, none more than ten or twelve years of age. Benny was the first one in the water, and was at once beyond his depth. Oscea, son of John E. Goodenow, was the only one with presence of mind to go for help. It came very soon but too late. Within an hour from the time the boys left home

Benny's lifeless body was brought back. He was of an uncommonly amiable, winning disposition; loving and obedient, considerate and conscientious beyond his years. His sudden death was a terrible affliction and the blow fell with crushing weight upon his mother, who idolized him.

At our little home in Maquoketa another sad occurrence was the death of Nelson Walker, Mrs. Brown's nephew. He was a young man of the highest character and promise, very capable and energetic, just going into business with every prospect of success.

He made friends of all he met and his untimely death was deeply mourned by relatives and friends.

We left Maquoketa for New York on May 26th, 1851, just nine years to a day from the time we came there, intending to make the journey with our own conveyance, but on Saturday following rain began and continued to such an extent that arriving at Chicago we felt compelled to abandon the plan. We crossed the lake by steamer to New Buffalo, where we took the cars on the Michigan Central road to Detroit, and a Lake Erie steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. From Buffalo to Little Falls in Herkimer County, we went with our conveyance. Our first location in New York was at Holland Patent in Oneida County,

where my father was pastor of the Baptist Church and where we remained a year, and my health steadily improved. While here I supplied the church at Steuben, a few miles north.

The place was named for Baron Steuben, a German nobleman, who did valuable service on our side in the war of the revolution. The state of New York granted him sixteen thousand acres of land, then a dense wilderness of heavy timber. The log cabin where he spent his summers, and his grave, marked by a plain marble slab, were on this tract of land. In the spring of 1852 we went to Russia, in Herkimer County, and preached to the church at that place for a year; and in March 1853, I again became pastor of the Norway, Herkimer County Church, occupying the parsonage where we began housekeeping in November 1838.

The extreme anti-slavery views and preaching of a former pastor had divided the church. Although decidedly anti-slavery myself, I took sides with neither party and made no direct effort for reconciliation or harmony, discouraging all reference to the trouble. A letter written December 5th following and published in the *Watchman* of Boston, sets forth the course I pursued and results:

Norway, Herkimer County, N. Y.

December 5th, 1853.

Dear Brother Editor:

In the autumn of 1838, just from the institution at Hamilton, I commenced my first pastoral labors with this church, which were continued some eighteen or twenty months. During that time it was my privilege to baptize seventeen into the fellowship of the church. After spending thirteen years in other parts of the great harvest, nine of them in the Western Valley, an inscrutable and all-wise Providence has returned me to the people of my first charge, and to occupy the same residence where my dear companion joined me in the responsibilities of housekeeping. I commenced labor here last March, but what a change had come over the condition and prospects of this branch of God's beloved Zion. The once united, prosperous, happy and efficient church was divided and distracted, brotherly love gone, confidence and Christian fellowship gone.

That good Christian influence which she once exerted in the community gone. The communion was neglected for two years. The work was commenced with the firm conviction that salvation depended upon the gracious work of the Divine Spirit. The preaching during the summer had this conviction constantly in view. At Covenant meeting in September the proposition was made and agreed to that all agitation of the subject of

discord should cease in private and public and they would resume travel as a church by observing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper the following Sabbath. It was indeed an interesting season. At prayer meeting that Sabbath evening the Good Spirit was present, and before the next Covenant meeting we were in the midst of a revival, with weeping souls saying, "Pray for us," and all hearts melted in view of the matchless mercy and kindness of God. At our third communion season, observed monthly, the hand of fellowship was given to ten joyful converts who had just been baptized. And others followed. While councils and meetings to talk over troubles hardly ever result in peace, harmony and brotherly love, the presence of the Divine Spirit never fails.

CHAPTER IX.

At the parsonage in Norway on July 29th, 1853, William Carlos and George Lyon Brown, twin sons, were born to us.

We were in central and western New York until July 1857, going from Norway to Fenner, Madison County, the fall of 1854, and to Orleans County in the spring of 1856. Having regained health, the Home Missionary Society again designated me for a field of labor in Iowa.

On Tuesday, July 14th, 1857, with my family, Mrs. Brown, James, Willie and George, I left Buffalo on the steamer "Southern Michigan" for Toledo, our oldest son Charles remaining in Orleans County.

Arriving at Toledo 2 p. m. Wednesday, we took the Michigan Southern and Indiana Northern Railway to Chicago. Mrs. Brown and the children went by rail, Chicago to DeWitt, and I by my own conveyance, horse and buggy to Maquoketa. After visiting relatives and friends at Maquoketa, I left for Northeastern Iowa, July 30th, to find a field for labor, the selection of a location being left to me, stopping the first night at Dubuque.



C. E. BROWN, WIFE AND CHILDREN GEORGE AND WILL—1857

On the first night out of Dubuque I put up with a German family just west of Guttenburg.

The weather was hot, and German bedding —a heavy feather bed under and a lighter one for cover, made it a perspiring time. Saturday, August 1, arrived at Rossville, Alamakee County, where I spent the Sabbath, preaching twice.

Here I met Elder James Schofield, with whom I was to counsel as to a location. But as he knew little of the country west of Alamakee County, the matter was left to my own judgment. On Monday I drove nine miles to Waukon, stopping with Mr. A. J. Hershey. Elder L. M. Newell was pastor at Alamakee. I met here Brother Samuel Hill who was licensed to preach and who proposed to go with me.

I found him pleasant company and a good missionary worker. We went on Tuesday to Freeport, Winnishiek County, stopping with the family of Brother Leach.

Here I found several Baptist brethren, and made an appointment to preach on Wednesday evening. On Wednesday we walked to Decorah, a few miles, and back. We had a good congregation in the evening, and Brother Hill preached.

On Thursday we followed the Iowa river to

Bluffton, twelve miles above Decorah, where I found Elder Rice and several Baptist families

Elder Rice was a brother of Elders Wm. and Lorenzo Rice, who were fellow students with me at Madison University in Hamilton, New York.

On Friday, August 7th, we continued our journey to New Oregon and Vernon Springs, in Howard County, stopping at night with Rev. J. W. Windsor, pastor of the New Oregon Congregational Church.

Brother Windsor was a near neighbor and friend of ours at Maquoketa in 1848. He was living on a farm two miles northwest of Vernon Springs. I learned from him that there were several Baptist families in that vicinity. On Saturday, August 8th, we went to Vernon where we found and called on a number of Baptists. Elder Chas. H. Roe of Belvidere, Ill., was there visiting relatives and friends, and Elder P. S. Whitman, whom we visited at Belvidere, Ill., in May 1842, on our first journey west, was living at Vernon. We found a very general desire for the organization of a Baptist Church and arranged for meetings for the following day, Sunday, August 9th, Brother Roe to preach at Vernon Springs, and I at Father Fuller's, a few miles to the southwest on the prairie.

On Sunday afternoon a meeting for consul-

tation was held by the Baptist brothers and sisters of Vernon, and arrangements were made to meet on Tuesday, at the residence of Judge Samuel F. Gilcrest, whose wife, Mary Ann Gilcrest, was a Baptist. We had an excellent meeting at the appointed time and resolved to organize a church on the following Sunday,

On Wednesday Brother Hill and I started west to visit Riceville, Osage and Mitchell, in Mitchell County, stopping the first night at Riceville, and going next day to Osage and Mitchell. This being Thursday and as we were to be at Vernon Springs again on Saturday we had little time at these places. On Friday morning, August 14th, we set out to return by way of Pettibone.

Rain fell heavily the preceding night and roads were bad and sloughs full, and a mile east of Pettibone we stuck in one and had to unhitch and get the buggy out by hand. Night and darkness found us still out on the prairie southwest of Vernon, where we put up at the farm house of Pratt Wallace. An early start on Saturday brought us to Vernon Springs in time for breakfast. Vernon Springs was located in a beautiful little valley. Judge Samuel F. Gilcrest of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, one of the early settlers, gave it the name, Vernon in remembrance of his Ohio

home. Several springs sending out at the head of the valley a volume of sparkling crystal water sufficient to make a good sized stream winding prettily down for a mile to the Turkey river, suggested the balance of the name.

At the foot of the little run was the A. H. Harris mill and pond, and a bluff on the opposite bank was covered by a handsome growth of fine timber. The surrounding country was prairie, rolling and fertile, flecked with groves of oak, hazel brush and crabapple, making a landscape of rare beauty.

Indian trails, well worn and deep from long use followed the banks of all the streams. The Turkey river, a considerable stream, ran across the foot of the Vernon Springs valley, and was skirted with handsome groves.

There was at this time a general store, postoffice, blacksmith shop, tavern, and a frame building put up for a court house, and about a dozen families. The mill fitted for grinding grain and sawing logs brought people from a distance.

It was the family home for many years, and around it cluster tender recollections and fond memories of the past. It is for many reasons a hallowed spot and will linger in loving remembrance while life lasts.

CHAPTER X.

Saturday, August 15th, was spent in pastoral calls and work, Brother Hill preached in the evening.

Sunday was stormy. Elder Pierson, pastor of the Baptist Church at Leroy, who was invited down, preached in the morning and I in the afternoon, after which the dear little church was organized.

The members were, Rev. P. S. Whitman and Mrs. Carrie Whitman, his wife; Father John Bowers and Sister Clarinda Bowers, his wife; Mrs. Mary Ann Gilcrest, wife of Judge Samuel F. Gilcrest; Levi Fuller and Mrs. Mary Harris.

At this meeting, to encourage the little band and extend the right hand of fellowship, there were present, Rev. Chas. H. Roe, of Belvidere, Illinois, Rev. C. G. Pierson of Leroy, Minn.; Rev. S. Hill of Boston, and Rev. C. E. Brown of the Home Missionary Society. It was held at 4 p. m., Sunday, August 16th, 1857, in the up stairs room of the court house at Vernon.

Our household goods had been shipped to Lansing, Alamakee County; and having decid-

ed to locate at Vernon Springs, I went with a neighbor and two teams after them; leaving Vernon on Wednesday, September 2nd, returning Saturday, the 4th, and on next Wednesday, the 9th, started for Maquoketa to get Mrs. Brown and the children, who were then visiting relatives and friends.

Arriving at Maquoketa Friday the 11th, we started the following Monday for our new home, away northwest in the "Neutral Lands of the Winnebagoes."

We reached Vernon Springs on Monday, September 21st, 1857, all well and thankful, and were very cordially welcomed by all and were entertained by Brother C. W. Sawyer and wife, who at that time were proprietors of the Big Spring House, a log cabin, twelve by eighteen feet, with a lean-to behind. The main part was divided into two rooms by a bed sheet hung up for a partition, one of the rooms being occupied by the county officers.

We at once took possession of a house at the head of the valley, rented for a temporary home, with Judge S. F. Gilcrest, Jno. M. Field, Rev. P. S. Whitman and Chas. W. Sawyer and families for our neighbors. Vernon Springs was at this time the county seat of Howard County, and the people had put up a fair sized frame building for a Court House.

Very soon after, the county seat was re-

moved to Howard Center, five miles west, leaving the Vernon building for school and church purposes. The lower rooms were used for school purposes and the upper was pleasant and comfortable, for meetings. To furnish seats and a pulpit Mr. Cottrell, living in the grove, gave us a large bass wood tree. Brother Sawyer and I cut it into logs and hauled it to the mill.

Mr. A. H. Harris, the mill owner, always public spirited and generous, gave us an elm log and sawed all into suitable lumber, and our meeting room was soon comfortably seated and furnished for use.

The first Covenant meeting of the new church was held at Brother Sawyer's September 26th, when Father Benjamin Fuller and myself and wife became members.

At a meeting the next day Brothers Whitman, Fuller and myself were appointed delegates to the Dubuque Association, soon to meet at West Union, where our church was to apply for admission.

At the next Covenant meeting, October 31, Sister Eliza Bushell united by letter, and the following day Brother James Watson was baptized in the Turkey river and received into membership.

Beginning August 1857, with a little band of eight, the membership in two years in-

creased to thirty, and within the year following to over sixty.

At the organization of the church Brother P. S. Whitman was made clerk and served until April 1859, when Brother C. W. Sawyer succeeded him, Brother Whitman moving away.

Father John Bowers was chosen deacon December 6th, 1857, and served until 1863, when a stroke of apoplexy destroyed mind and health.

Brother James Siddall was chosen a deacon and served faithfully until his death.

On Sunday, March 11th, 1860, Brother John Milton Bowers and Jane, his wife, and Brother D. A. Adams and Helena, his wife, and others, were baptized, and on Sunday, April 16th following, Brother William Woodward and seven others were baptized and became members of the church.

In 1861 a school house was built and meetings were held in it thereafter.

The winter of 1857-8 set in cold, with heavy snow early in November, mercury going to sixteen below zero, but November proved the coldest month. A thaw took off the snow the last of the month and the Turkey river was flooded frequently during the winter.

Among the families of Howard County pioneers who were near and valued friends

was that of Brother Geo. W. Fall, who came a year before we did, and was living with his wife and four daughters in a log cabin on the farm of Chester M. Carver, a mile south of Vernon. Brother Fall was a licensed minister of the Methodist Church, but not regularly engaged in the work.

While quite a young man he had the misfortune to lose a leg. Notwithstanding this he was a very capable, active and tireless worker, a good neighbor and a kind friend; his cheery voice and face made him always welcome. He died in Howard County at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Carver, in July 1900, in his eighty-eighth year, loved, honored, respected and mourned by all who knew him; his consistent, christian life, faith and hope maintained to the last. Sister Hannah Fall, his wife, who preceded him to a better land a few years, was in every way a worthy companion.

The four daughters, Mary, Arvilla, Adeline and Sylvia, were very bright, attractive and interesting girls of high character.

Mary became the wife of Chester M. Carver; Arvilla and Reuben W. Beadle were married in June, 1860.

On August 30th, 1866, Adeline the third daughter, and my oldest son. Charles P. Brown, were married by me at Brother Fall's

residence in Vernon Springs. Sylvia, (Tibbie) became the wife of W. B. Morey.

Mr. and Mrs. Carver and Mr. and Mrs. Beadle were near and valued neighbors and friends for many years.

Judge Samuel F. Gilcrest, from Mount Vernon, Ohio, was one of the prominent early settlers. He was an educated, courteous and kindly gentleman of high character and a capable, successful attorney. His thorough knowledge of the country was very useful to settlers in locating land claims and entries. Sister Mary Ann Gilcrest, his wife, was a highly esteemed member of the Baptist Church.

Their family consisted of three sons, Frank, Murray and John, and one daughter, Inez Augusta.

Judge Gilcrest went to California over land in the summer of 1859, and his family followed a few years later.

Judge and Sister Gilcrest died in California some years since.

Inez, whose husband, Mr. Hugh Craig, is a prominent citizen and business man of San Francisco, is living with an interesting family in Oakland.

Frank, Murray and John with their families have homes; Frank in Oakland, John in Oregon,

IOWA RIVER, NEAR LIME SPRINGS, IOWA.



IOWA RIVER ON C. C. HEWITT'S FARM, WEST OF LIME SPRINGS.



and Murray in Wyoming. All honorable and successful business men.

Among the earliest acquaintances and friends made in Lime Springs was the family of C. C. Hewitt, who settled in the country in 1855, coming from Northeastern Illinois, where Mr. Hewitt had been engaged as contractor in the construction of the Chicago & Galena Union Railway.

Mr. Hewitt located his claim about one and one-half miles west of the old town of Lime Springs, a beautiful quarter section with the Iowa river running through the southeast corner.

In the autumn of 1855, a log cabin for the family and a shelter for the yoke of cattle were built. The family consisting of father and mother and a little baby girl named Ella were made as comfortable as possible for the approaching winter, and the work of fencing and other preparations for breaking up and working the farm in the ensuing spring were made.

Mrs. Hewitt's maiden name was Mary E. Chesebro, and she was a daughter of Mrs. M. M. Marsh. Mr. Chesebro died in Courtland County, New York, and the widow married Mr. Marsh.

Two brothers, Oscar and Oliver Chesebro, with their families, came to Lime Springs

with the Hewitt's. Oscar pre-empted a quarter about half a mile east of the Hewitt claim, while Oliver built a log cabin in the village just across the road from the one built and occupied for many years by Esquire Marsh and family.

The long rides in the cold and storms of our northern Iowa winters, which were made every second week to meet my appointments at Lime Springs, were often tedious, but the warm and generous welcome to the hospitality of those frontier homes always abundantly repaid the inconvenience and discomfort of the trip.

Mrs Brown and the twin boys, George and Willie, often accompanied me on these trips, and the boys found many congenial companions and playmates among the children at Lime Springs.

At a donation party given for my benefit in the log house of Squire Marsh, during the winter of 1860, my son Willie, then only seven years old, met Ella Hewitt, at that time six, and the mutual interest and admiration were noted by many present. The acquaintance thus early made continued almost without interruption; and fourteen years later, in the presence of many who had noticed the beginning of the courtship, I married the couple at



PASTURE ON FARM PREEMPTED BY C. C. HEWITT IN 1855



SCENE ON FARM PRE-EMPTED BY C. C. HEWITT IN 1855

the Hewitt home in the "new town" or station of Lime Springs.

Among the families that settled in and about Lime Springs I recall the Sanborn's, Cook's, Knowlton's, Ober's, Haven's, Craig's, Paddock's, Burgess' Van Leuven's, Moulton's, Greenleaf's, Aleck and George Searles, Bunker's, Johnson's, Well's. Dr. Reed and many others, all good citizens and good neighbors. Brother Alonzo Sage and wife, Father Reynolds, Brother William Reynolds and family, Father Buckland and family, Brother D. M. Fuller and family will always be remembered with kindly gratitude and love.

Mr. Hewitt, Father and Mother Marsh, Oliver and Julia Chesebro, Oscar Chesobro, and almost every person in active life in those early days, have passed from life's activities and are sleeping peacefully in the cemetery which overlooks the beautiful valley where they located and which they loved so well.

Esquire Marsh and family left their home in Courtland County, New York, the autumn of 1836, coming by canal from Central New York to Buffalo, and by sailing vessel from Buffalo to Chicago.

More than three weeks were consumed in making the trip from Buffalo to Chicago, the vessel entered Lake Michigan three times,

being twice blown back through the straits of Mackinack by adverse winds.

The family first settled in Illinois in the neighborhood of Elgin, emigrating to Howard County in the early fifties.

Mr. Marsh built and operated one of the first grist mills in Howard County. He was a man of high character, unquestioned integrity and his uniform kindness of heart and courtesy won for him a place in the respect, confidence and esteem of the community, such as few men enjoy and which lasted through a long and useful life.

Early in the sixties the Richards family, consisting of the father Joseph Richards, his wife and four children, William, Benton, Margaret and Annette, moved from Otranto, Minn., to Vernon Springs, and for a number of years kept the tavern in the village.

William was a pleasant friend and companion of our older boys, while Bent and our twin boys, George and Will, were almost inseparable playmates.

Joseph Richards enlisted in the army in 1862 and saw hard service in the Indian campaigns following the Sioux massacres of that year. He was honorably discharged from the service after being seriously wounded in battle, and returned to Vernon Springs, where he lived many years and where he died. Mrs.



MRS. W. C. BROWN

MRS. C. C. HEWITT

MASTER WILLIAM BROWN PIERCE

FIVE GENERATIONS

MRS. FRANK E. PIERCE

ESQ. M. M. MARSH

Richards died in Cresco, to which place she moved after her husband's death.

William and Margaret took advantage of every opportunity to acquire an education, and were among the most efficient school teachers of those early days. William later studied Civil Engineering and became an engineer of ability.

Margaret married Henry Thayer, who died some years ago. Mrs. Thayer still lives on the old home place west of Bonair.

Nettie suffered from a disease of the eyes which left her entirely blind, and she died many years ago. She was a patient sufferer for a number of years.

Benton, the younger boy, engaged in mining and has located in Montana or Washington.

Chester M. Carver of Stockbridge, Madison County, New York, left home in April 1856, for Kansas, visiting, enroute with friends at Solon, Ohio, where he met Mr. Appollos White from Howard County, who recommended that place for a location. Acting on this advice Mr. Carver came in May and bought a fine claim a mile south of Vernon. In September 1856, Brother Fall from Beloit, Wis., with his family, for a home in North Iowa, met Mr. White at McGregor, Iowa; who advised him to look at Howard County, which

he did. At Geo. Warren's he met Mr. Carver who proposed to fix up the cabin on his claim for the family. This plan was carried out and in the spring of 1857 Mr. Carver became a member of the family, and in December 1859, he and Mary, the oldest of the four daughters, were married. Mr. Carver has been a resident of Howard County more than fifty years; about fifteen years on the farm south of Vernon; several years in Cresco, and nearly thirty years on a farm joining the town on the west. The Carver's are people of the highest character, an honor and credit to any community.

One of our near neighbors in Vernon was Mr. C. W. Sawyer, who with his wife and family, came in February 1856, and kept the first hotel in town, a little log cabin near the Whitman spring. It was not roomy but was home-like—with a good table, clean beds and tidy rooms, and guests met a cheery welcome. Mr. Sawyer was the flour maker at the Harris mill many years. He enlisted in Capt. James H. B. Harris' Co. I, 38th Iowa Infantry in August 1862; was chosen Second Sergeant and served faithfully and bravely for three years until the end of the war. He was for eleven years the faithful and efficient deputy sheriff of the county. Brother and Sister Sawyer were exemplary Christians and mem-

bers of the church. She died at Cresco Aug. 9th, 1888, and he Dec. 14th, 1902. Of the four daughters, Eliza married Mr. Geo. Snyder; Josephine, Mr. H. Middlebrook; Carrie, Mr. W. G. Wildman, and Sarah, Prof. L. E. A. Ling.

William Kellow, born in Cornwall, England, in 1822; came to the U. S. in 1853, and to Howard County in 1856. Mr. Kellow was a stone mason, learning his trade in England, a skillful, tireless worker. He bought a farm a mile north of Vernon, where himself and family lived for more than thirty years, selling to make a home in Cresco. Mr. and Mrs. Kellow were original members of the Vernon Springs Methodist Church, both leading exemplary Christian lives. Mrs. Kellow died at Cresco, July 2nd, 1901, and he followed her to the better land June 3rd, 1904, in his eighty-second year, leaving five children, living of whom Joseph is now editor of the Cresco *Republican*, and William, one of Cresco's leading and successful business men.

Four young Englishmen, Gregory, Alexander, Chapman and Howard Marshall, sons of General Anthony Marshall, a distinguished officer of Engineers in the British army, came to Howard County in 1857, and located in Paris township and built and occupied a comfortable home a few miles west of Vernon.

General Anthony Marshall was born in Cambridge, England, in 1791; educated at the Military School at Woolwich, and at the age of seventeen entered the Royal service as Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He served with Wellington through the Peninsular war with Spain, and was later stationed in England, Ireland, Canada and at Cape Town, South Africa. General Marshall was much interested in our civil war and a great admirer of General Grant. He died at Plymouth, England, in May 1865. The sons who came to Howard County were born, Gregory at St. Johns, New Brunswick, in 1832; Alexander at Yarmouth Isle of Wight, in 1834; Chapman at Dublin, Ireland, in 1838; Howard at Exeter, England, in 1840. Gregory after, leaving school, was employed in the English war office. Alexander went to sea at the age of seventeen, and was a sailor until he came to Howard County. Chapman was educated at Plymouth, went to sea when fifteen, as an apprentice; was four years a sailor, being second officer of the ship when he left the sea for life as a landsman. Howard went with his parents to Cork, Ireland, when six months old, and to Cape Town, South Africa, where the family remained nearly four years, General Marshall being on duty there, returning to England when relieved.

Alexander returned to England in 1865. Gregory, Chapman and Howard made their homes in Howard County for many years, with interesting families. All were men of high character, good citizens and successful business men.

Time and space forbid extension of this list much as we would love to continue it. John M. Field, Rev. P. S. Whitman, Horace Culver, Robert Gilcrest, Nathaniel Niles, A. H. Harris, M. B. Doolittle, and their families were early settlers and valued neighbors and friends, and we would love to make more detailed notice of them. Of many families no member remains. Of some the living members are widely scattered.

CHAPTER XI.

During the summer of 1858 we built a very comfortable stone house in Vernon Springs, which was the family home for ten years.

In the spring of 1858 I was elected County Superintendent of Schools for Howard County, and held the office for three years. There were, at the time of my election, but three school houses in the county, located at Forreston, Lime Springs and Howard Center. The compensation, salary of the office, was \$1.50 per day for time occupied; increased to \$2.00 the following year, and a fee of \$1.00 for examining teachers, on the last Saturday of each month. As the pay of teachers was very small I did not collect from them any examination fee. Meetings, prayer and preaching, were well attended during the winter of 1857-8, and the membership of the little church was more than doubled by spring. When Brother James Watson joined in October 1857, he was a young single man. Himself, wife and three grown children are now members of the church. Lime Springs was one of my regular appointments, and in July



THE OLD HOME AT VERNON SPRINGS

SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE OLD HOME AT VERNON SPRINGS



1858, a church was organized with the following members:

Father Buckland and wife, Mrs. M. M. Marsh, Jacob Beam. Father Adams, Jones Adams and Hiram Hearn.

Howard County and vicinity was our missionary field of labor for more than thirty years.

Beginning in April 1861, for four long anxious years, the subject of absorbing interest and sleepless anxiety with all patriotic citizens of Howard County was the war for the Union.

The first volunteer from Howard County for the war was my oldest son Charles, who immediately on the President's first call for troops for ninety days, joined a company organizing at Decorah in Winneshiek County, which was mustered into the service of the United States for three years as Company D, Third Iowa Infantry. Details of his military life, are given in a sketch appearing later in this book. He was twenty years of age at the time of his enlistment.

In June 1862, my second son, James, then in his seventeenth year, enlisted in the Sixteenth United States Regular Infantry.

An acute and serious illness impaired his

health to such an extent that he was discharged after a few months service.

In August 1862, the Sioux Indians in Minnesota raided the homes and villages of settlers, murdering and mutilating men, women and children, and burning and destroying a large amount of property.

Encouraged by and taking advantage of the war of the Rebellion, and incited by agents of the Confederacy, unscrupulous and possibly unauthorized, and brooding over real and fancied wrongs suffered in dealing with the Government and its agents; they took the war path and spread terror, death and destruction through the southwestern part of the State.

Many of their outrages occurred close to the Southern Minnesota border, and thousands of people abandoned their homes and fled for their lives into Northern Iowa. Roads from Minnesota were filled with terror-stricken fugitives.

As the field of operation threatened to extend across the border into Iowa, and some families in our immediate neighborhood were hastily packing a few things and leaving; a company was organized and mounted for home defense, armed with such weapons, rifles and shot guns as were available, and set out to meet the savages.

But prompt action by Governor Ramsey of Minnesota, and General Sibley with militia and volunteers, speedily overpowered the Indians, defeating, capturing and punishing them.

About twelve hundred Sioux Indians were engaged in the raid. Governor Ramsey estimated the loss of life among settlers at eight hundred.

Five hundred Indians were captured, tried by a Military Court, and three hundred sentenced to suffer death by hanging. Of this number thirty-eight were executed December 26, 1862.

Between twenty and thirty thousand people had abandoned their homes, and the loss of property was estimated from two and one-half to three million dollars. The Howard County company of home guards did not meet any Indians.

My son, Charles P. Brown, was at this time Second Sergeant of Company D, Third Regiment of Iowa Infantry, and had seen more than a year of active service in the field. Returning to his home on a furlough, he reached Decorah by stage from McGregor on an evening, early in September 1862, when the panic of the Minnesota settlers was at its height and the town and roads filled with refugees.

Meeting at Decorah a neighbor, Mr. Humphrey, a farmer living near the present site of Cresco, in town with a team and going home that night, my son accepted an invitation to accompany him on his night ride home. People were up and alert, lights burning at every house, and the welcome of a solitary wearer of the blue coat and brass buttons of Uncle Sam's uniform was inspiring.

His musket and cartridge box were far away, but the blue uniform represented the war power of the government, and was looked on as the advance guard of military protection.

From Mr. Humphrey's home, shortly after midnight, he walked about four miles to our place in Vernon. The night was dark, and knowing the excitement and apprehension prevailing, he was on the watch for armed pickets or patrols on the road, and had there been any would have been in more danger from them than from the Indians. He found the roads clear and everything silent as the grave. Reaching home about three o'clock in the morning, he cautiously approached the house, feeling that he was liable to be mistaken for an Indian and shot without challenging. Knocking carefully at the door to avoid noise or excitement, and getting no response he was about to go to the barn and find a bed in the hay mow, when an upper window

was raised and a female head in a night cap, with trembling tones asked, "Who is there?" His voice, though his coming was entirely unexpected, was recognized in the reply, and he was speedily admitted and warmly welcomed. I was away. His mother, aunt and cousin Julia Brown, and his younger brothers, James, George and Will, were the occupants of the house.

In 1863 my son Charles applied for an appointment for me as Chaplain of a regiment but did not succeed in getting it until near the close of the war. Early in 1865 I went to Memphis, Tennessee, and served as Chaplain of the Eighty-eighth U. S. C. Infantry and later the Third U. S. C. Artillery for nearly a year.

In May 1866, I came home from the army, my regiment being mustered out of the service, and resumed pastoral work in Howard County.

I was the teacher in the Vernon Springs public school several terms, beginning in the fall of 1858, the last term being that of the winter of 1866-7.

My pupils, as I recall them now, were Emmet and James Doolittle, Ransom and Emory White; Adelbert, Warren, Charles and Josiah Marsh; Joseph, William and Samuel Kellow; Josephine, Carrie and Sarah Sawyer;

Mary Webster, Luella Bowers, Cora Fields, Mary Tibbets, Catherine and Minnie Harris; Julius Doolittle, Benton Richards, Charles Burdick, George and William C. Brown.

These are all I can recall of the fifty-seven who attended the last term. The names of those who attended previously, as I now remember them, are as follows:

John, James, Abram and Elizabeth Allen; Charles P. and James D. Brown; Sylvester, Margaret, Michael, James, Daniel and Jerry Barnes; Adelbert, William and Henry Bowers; George H., Henry and Isaac Culver; Elmira Clouse, Walter Doolittle, Adeline P. Fall, Arvilla and Sylvia Fall; Ella and Alice Fields, William Fitzgerald, Frank and Inez Gilcrest, Murray and John Gilcrest, Robert Gilcrest, Silas and Abram Harris, Hattie, Charles and Samantha Hill; John and Ella Irvin, Maria and Mary Kellow, Fannie Moore, Louisa and Emma Niles, Stephen and Lydia Niles, Stone Neff, Margaret, William and Nettie Richards; Albert Siddall and Eliza Sawyer.

George H. Culver enlisted with Stone Neff in Company "D," Third Iowa Infantry.

George served faithfully and bravely and was killed before Atlanta, Georgia; when Hood assaulted Sherman's lines July 22, 1864. Stone Neff was a good soldier, but was too frail to stand the hardships of army life.



SCHOOL HOUSE, VERNON SPRINGS.

His health failed and he was discharged for disability early in the war.

I cannot now recall any of my scholars who did not become worthy and reputable men and women.

They were all good and I loved them, and love to recall them now.

The McGregor Western Railway Company was organized January 19, 1863, and construction work begun in March, and the road completed to Monona, 14 miles, in a year. It was extended to Postville and Centralia in 1864, to Conover in 1865 and to Cresco in 1866.

In 1867 a fifty mile gap between Cresco and Austin was built, making a continuous line from McGregor to St. Paul and Minneapolis, which was operated as the Iowa and Minnesota Division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

My son Charles was employed by the contractors, Mather & Greene, from Cresco to Austin in 1867, as time-keeper and accountant, and in August James began work at Cresco with the engineers who located the Iowa and Dakota Division west from Calmar.

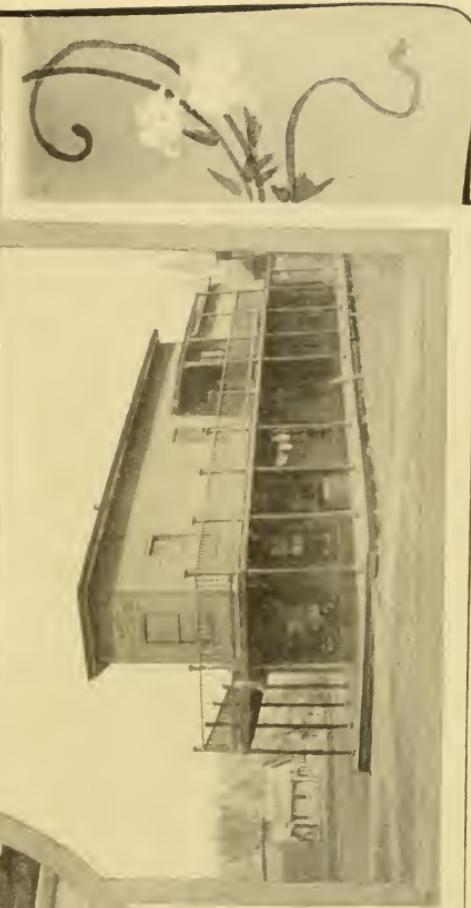
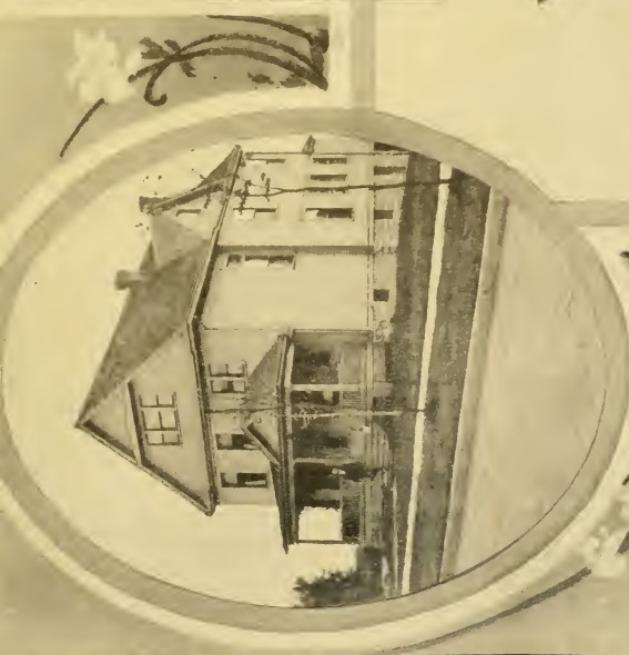
In the spring of 1868 I went with Mrs. Brown and my younger sons, George and Willie, to Thompson, in Carroll County, Illinois, where I was pastor of the York Baptist Church for two years, returning to Iowa in

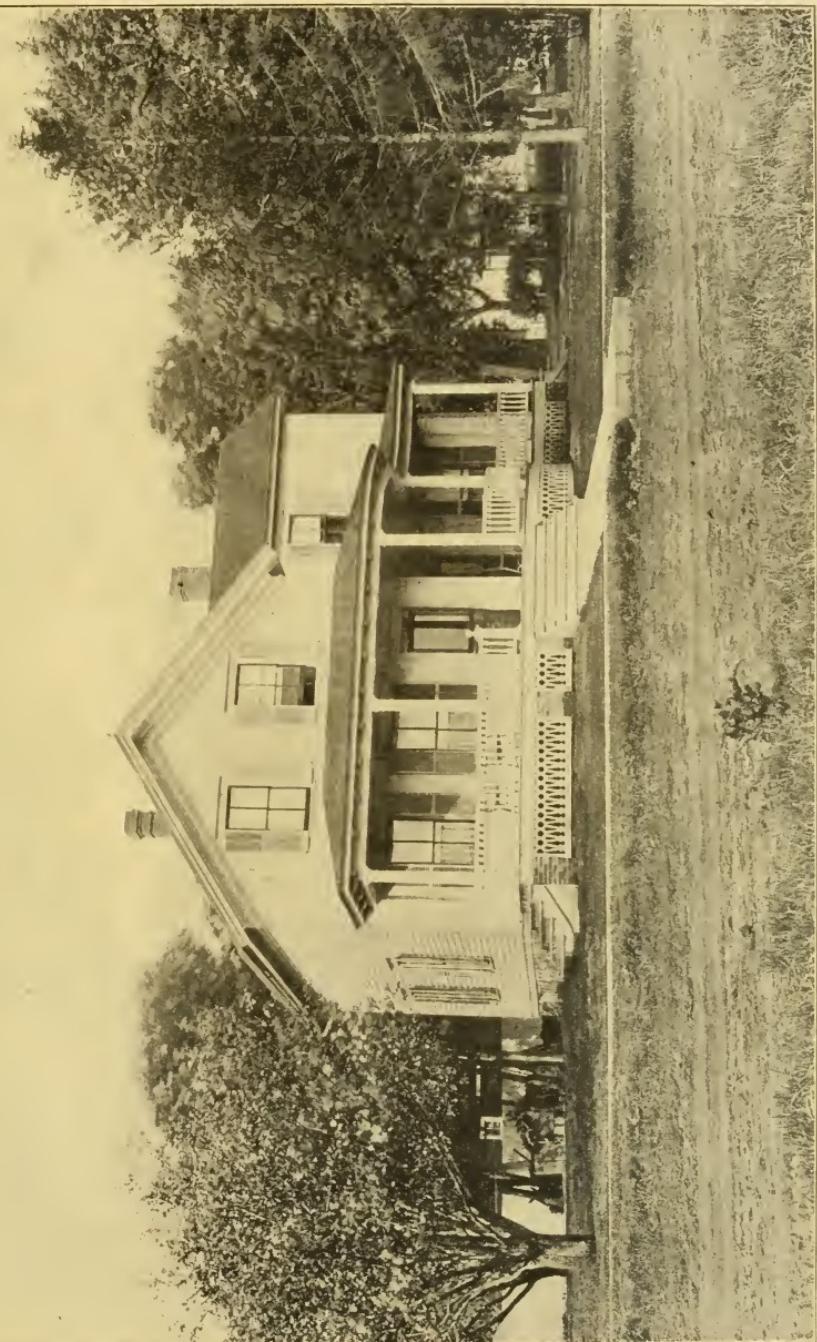
the spring of 1870, to make a home at Lime Springs, in Howard County.

During this summer we erected a Baptist house of worship, and in 1871, I built a comfortable, pleasant home for myself and family.

My sister, Mrs. Ann B. Kelly, made her home with us during the summer of 1871, and a comfortable pleasant room was built especially for her in the new house, but she died before the house was completed, and was buried from the log cabin built by Esq. Marsh in 1855, in the old town of Lime Springs, which we occupied during the construction of our new house.

HOME IN OTTUMWA WHERE FATHER BROWN DIED. LAST HOME OF FATHER AND MOTHER IN LIME SPRINGS.
HOME OF C. C. HEWITT IN 1874, WHERE W. C. BROWN AND ELLA HEWITT WERE MARRIED





REMODELED HOME, LIME SPRINGS

CHAPTER XII.

In 1870 and 1871, at the time we made our home at Lime Springs, my sons were employed; Charles at Ottumwa, Iowa, in the Internal Revenue service of the Government; James, George and Will all at work for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company; James with the locating engineers on the Charles City Branch; Will in the trainmaster's office at Minneapolis, and George a trainman on line between McGregor and St. Paul; so, save for visits from the children we occupied the home alone.

With the exception of a year, from the fall of 1875 to October 1876, in central New York, it was our home for nearly twenty years.

I was not regularly connected with any church as pastor during much of this time, but was engaged in pastoral work at Lime Springs, and supplying churches in neighboring towns.

On the evening of September 1, 1871, my son George, who was brakeman on a passenger train between St. Paul and McGregor; while coupling the sleeper on the train at St. Paul Junction, was caught between the plat-

forms of the sleeper and rear coach, receiving injuries resulting in his death within an hour.

His eighteenth birthday occurred on the twenty-ninth of July preceding. His cheery, affectionate disposition endeared him to all, and his sudden tragic death was a dreadful shock and was long and deeply mourned.

In the fall of 1875 Mrs. Brown and myself went to New York and remained a year with relatives and old friends and acquaintances in Herkimer and Madison Counties. During this time I supplied the churches at Russia and Poland in the absence of a regularly installed pastor. We were with my father during his last illness, at Madison, where he died September 23, 1876, in his eighty-seventh year. We returned to Iowa in October and again located at Lime Springs, where I resumed pastorsehip of the church.

In October 1877, I was elected to represent Howard County in the Iowa Legislature and served one term, declining to be a candidate for re-election.

During the session the following winter I introduced a resolution to amend the State Constitution so as to authorize a majority of a jury in civil cases to bring in a verdict. It passed the House by a large majority, but was pigeon-holed in the Senate.

The following is a brief of my argument in support of my resolution:

"Mr. Speaker—The proposed amendment of the Ninth Section, Article 1st, of the Constitution makes no change in our present trial jury system or the rules by which it is governed. It will simply remove the constitutional obstacle in the way of some future legislature if it shall see fit in its wisdom to authorize less than a unanimous verdict. (The resolution was amended so as to confine it to civil cases.)

I think the gentleman from Marion (Ex-Governor Wm. M. Stone) is mistaken when he says the rule which requires a unanimous verdict came down from the distant ages of the past. In the early history of the jury system the unanimity rule governing verdicts was not known. A majority of the jury was competent to deliver a verdict. This was the rule in England for a long series of years. The unanimity rule was the result of gradual changes in the system. It is now a rule peculiar to the English common law. No other nation on the continent of Europe has ever adopted it.

I offer the following reasons why this unanimity rule governing the verdict of juries should be changed:

1. The rule is unreasonable. As pertinent and emphatic proof of this proposition, we quote the language of the learned editor of Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. 2, Book 2, page 375, who says: 'The unanimity of twelve men so repug-

nant to all experience of human conduct, passions and understandings could hardly in any age have been introduced into practice by a deliberate act of the legislature.'

Hence this rule is illegitimate so far as statute law is concerned, too absurd, too unreasonable for any legislative body in any age to have deliberately introduced it into practice.

It is in fact a come-by-chance, nursed by the English Courts until, with many other absurdities it became a part of her common law.

2. The rule is utterly inconsistent with and subversive of the very principles which underlie our Republican institutions.

Introduce this rule of unanimity into our elections, into Congress and all departments of its business, into our legislative business, into our committee business, how many bills of a general character would be reported and how many bills of a general character would pass and become laws? Introduce this rule into our higher courts, what would be the result? Cases without number never decided. We must decide matters, however weighty and whatever may be the consequences, by majorities. That is the fundamental rule of a Republican government, of all Republican institutions. Discard this rule and the entire machinery comes to a disastrous standstill.

3. Its direct and practical tendency is to protract litigation and greatly increase its expense. The truth of this proposition is notoriously obvious; so constantly corroborated by the observa-

tion and experience of everyone, as to render proof or illustration unnecessary. Cases innumerable have lingered in the courts for years which might have been decided on their first hearing if the verdict of eight or nine intelligent men had been decisive. Finally in the end court expenses and attorneys' fees have eaten up the judgment obtained and impoverished both parties to the contest.

4. The rule of unanimity puts into the hands of one man the absolute and efficient power of defeating the ends of justice. It matters not whether that one man is the personification of obstinacy, stupidity, ignorance, or the most intelligent person in the community. No such power can safely be entrusted to any man. It is despotism on the side of crime and injustice. The unanimity rule has opened a field in which shrewd attorneys have achieved some of their most signal victories, not in the interest of justice and right, but in the interest of injustice, crime and wrong. If the attorney finds there is no merit in his client's case, and no possible hope of obtaining a verdict in his favor, his next object, and to compass it no stone is left unturned, is to divide the jury. A new trial is ordered and the same thing is repeated and the prosecution is worried and worn out and the guilty go free.

And then if money is to be used to defeat the ends of justice, how much more easily one man can be corrupted than three or four, and the corruption of one man defeats a verdict under the

present rule, as surely as the corruption of a half dozen.

5. It is a coercive rule, or to use a very expressive word of American coinage, it is a bulldozing rule. It provides if twelve men do not voluntarily agree on a verdict, to bulldoze them into a verdict.

There was a time in England when the jury consisted of more than twelve men, and a majority verdict was the rule. It afterwards became the rule that at least twelve of the number must agree and if that number did not agree the jury were reinforced or others added to it until the requisite number twelve was obtained. The number of jurymen was diminished from time to time until it was cut down to twelve, and then commenced the unanimity rule, and about this time the courts, finding their business blocked by the frequent disagreement of the jury, found it necessary to resort to coercive measures to enforce agreement and obtain verdicts. The jury was locked up in a room without fire, food, drink or light and for any length of time at the pleasure of the court. The jury was fined if they ate anything without consent of the court before finding a verdict, and if the jury did not agree on a verdict by the time the court adjourned and was ready to leave for another part of the circuit, they were, by order of the court, hauled around the circuit from town to town in a cart. This same common law bulldozing rule, except the cart part, has been in full force and virtue in the older states of this country,

and that too, within the recollection of some of the members of the present General Assembly.

Coercion does not necessarily imply or require physical force, but any influence which impels a person contrary to his calm, unbiased convictions. The barbarous means which the English courts resorted to to enforce unanimity, such as hunger, thirst, cold, darkness and jolting carts over rough roads, may have been set aside, but confinement and other potent influences, coercive in their character, design and effect, have taken their places.

But the most abhorrent feature of this coercing a verdict is, the jury is first put under the solemnities of an oath, which should shield them from all coercive influences in their deliberations and in reaching their conclusions.

Agreement produced by such influences does not add strength or virtue to the verdict.

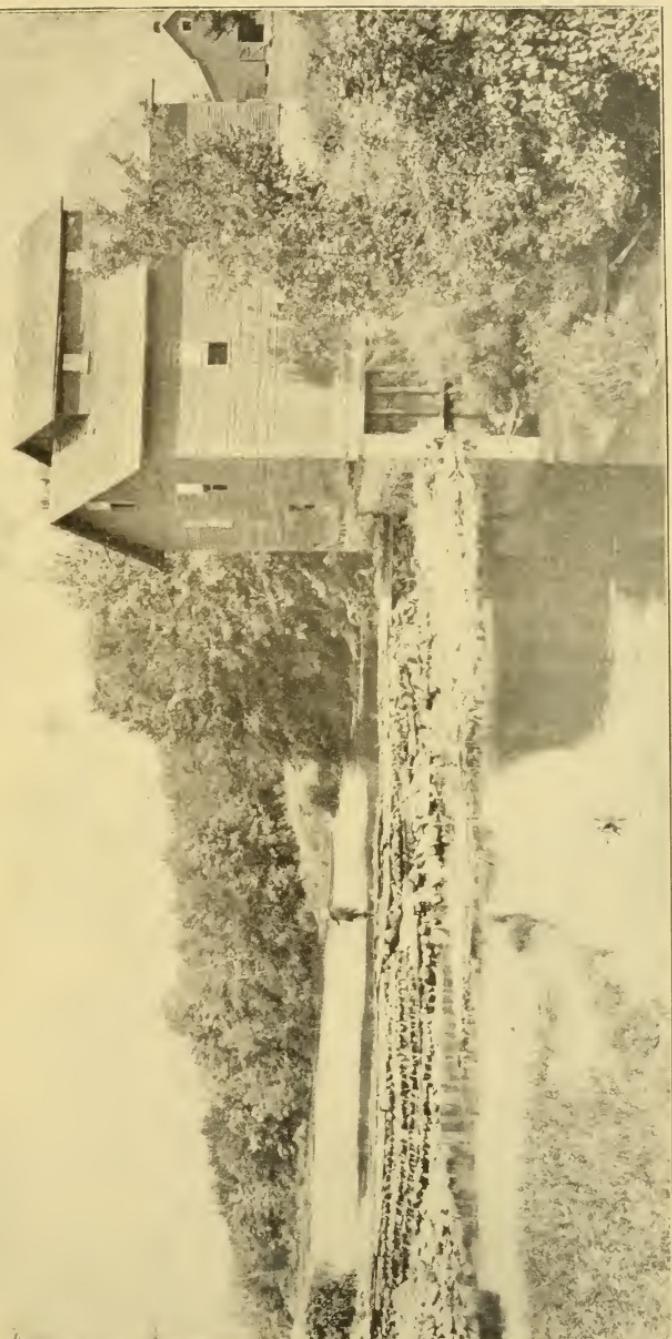
Perhaps it will be said that in the United States nearly all the odious measures so generally resorted to in former times to enforce a verdict under the unanimity rule have been done away with. This may be true to a very great extent while the evil consequences of the absurd rule are in full force to defeat the ends of justice and to render litigation long and expensive."

So long as our legislative bodies are made up largely of lawyers it can scarcely be hoped that measures looking to simplifying litigation—expediting and reducing cost—will meet with favor.

The year 1877 will long be remembered as one of serious labor troubles—and in northern Iowa as the first of a series of disastrous failures of the spring wheat crop, which had for years been the main dependence of our farmers. Many of the early settlers lost their farms, giving up the struggle and again becoming pioneers in Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas.

The wheat crop of that year, up to the time the berry was in the milk, or dough stage, was very promising; but at this critical period, very hot weather, with frequent showers, followed by a blazing sun, cooked and blasted the wheat, utterly destroying it.

Seed and labor were lost and the bright hopes of the husbandman blighted in a day.



"HILL'S MILL" NEAR LIME SPRINGS.

CHAPTER XIII.

In 1879 I built a house south of the depot in Lime Springs, located across the street from my son, James D. Brown, at that time station agent at Lime Springs. This was our last earthly home, and one of the pleasantest we ever had. During the following ten years I had no regular charge, but supplied the churches at Cresco, Fort Atkinson, and other places, which were without pastors.

Mrs. Brown and I spent a good deal of time visiting our children living in Ottumwa, Iowa, and Beardstown, Illinois. In September, 1882, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in Lime Springs, and Frances, youngest daughter of my son James, and Eddie, the only son of my son Willie, whose family was at home on a visit, were among the early victims of the dread disease.

Many children in the village and vicinity were smitten with the malady, and almost every case was fatal.

It was an autumn of grief and sorrow for our family.

On September 2, a daughter, Bertha Adelaide, was born to W. C. and Ella H. Brown,

and this baby girl was only about a week old when the little boy died. On the day Bertha was born, and in the same house, a daughter was born to Clara Lacey, a sister of Mrs. Brown.

On June 12, 1887, in this last of our homes, occurred the death of my beloved wife, and we laid her beside the children and grand children in the beautiful cemetery located on the hillside where so many of the old neighbors and friends had preceded her.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Wedgewood. I had many years before, discharged a similar sad duty at the funeral of his wife.

For nearly fifty years she was my constant companion and helpmeet.

Her cheerful, sunny disposition made itself felt through all these years, in the lonely cabin on the frontier, or the more comfortable home in the East. Whatever of success attended my labors in the ministry, and the success attained and positions of honor and trust gained by our sons, are largely due to the loving care and instruction of the sainted wife and mother.

For a few years after her death I remained at the home in Lime Springs, keeping everything so far as possible as it was left by her loving hands.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hewitt, old neighbors and kind friends, occupied the house with me. Their daughter, Ella, was the wife of my son, W. C. Brown.

While it was my home, containing many things recalling happy days of the past, gone never to return, much of my time was spent visiting relatives and friends.

With advancing years, the rigor of our northern Iowa winters, felt more than in younger days, led me to make my home with my children living farther south.

I write these recollections in 1893, at the home of my son, W. C. Brown, at St. Joseph, Missouri, where I have been for a large part of the time during the last three years.

My sons and their families have been very kind and considerate, and done much to comfort and cheer me in my old age and loneliness. I praise God for His goodness in sparing my life, and granting me the unspeakable joy of attending six semi-centennial Jubilee Services, namely:

The fiftieth anniversaries:

Of the Baptist Church at Davenport, of which I was one of the first pastors.

Of the Baptist Church at Danville, Iowa.

Of the Maquoketa Church, the first one organized by me west of the Mississippi river.

Of the Davenport Association, which I assisted in organizing.

Of the Baptist Church in Cordova, Illinois.

Of the Des Moines Baptist Association, the first west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri.

When I recall the many who were fellow laborers with me in the precious work a half century ago, and realize how few remain, my heart is filled with gratitude to God for His great mercy to me.

I also realize, with cheerful confidence and faith in His loving kindness, which has followed me all the days of my life, that the hour of my departure cannot be far away.

That God will bless and in infinite love and tenderness overshadow and keep the beloved Churches with which I have been connected, and all the Israel of God, is my earnest daily prayer.

At the request of my children I insert some papers, political and historical, which they deem of interest and worthy of preservation.

These "recollections" as an autobiography closed in the fall of 1893, and later events are given by a son.

Father made his home principally with my brother, W. C. Brown, at St. Joseph, Mo., until January 1, 1896, and then in Chicago, where he was cared for with loving kindness.

In the fall of 1898 he came to Ottumwa to make his home with Benjamin P. Brown, his grandson, and remained until his death. Ben and his wife, Laura Kendall, were very pleasant young people; kind, thoughtful and considerate, and their little daughter, Frances, was a favorite with father.

Everything possible was done for his comfort and convenience, and he was as contented and happy as anyone could be under similar conditions.

Nothing could make good the loss of his loved and life-long companion, and he never ceased to miss and mourn her.

Early in the year 1900 my brother, W. C. Brown, bought a handsome, well located residence in Ottumwa, expressly for father's use, and it was occupied by Ben and his family for a home for father.

For more than a year preceding his death, a capable attendant was employed, giving his entire time to caring for father and administering to his wants.

He was a remarkably active man for his age, and retained full possession of his faculties to the day of his death.

DEATH.

Rev. Charles E. Brown died in Ottumwa, Iowa, at the residence of his grandson, Ben-

jamin P. Brown, on Tuesday, July 23, 1901, in his eighty-ninth year, from old age.

His obituary contained the following notice:

"Mr. Brown was a man of more than ordinary ability, and began his active life work with a much better education than the average young man of his time.

"His choice of a vocation came from a profound sense of duty, and he was a faithful, zealous and devoted worker in his calling until past sixty years of age. In choosing fields of labor he sought those among pioneers in the far West; plain, earnest people in the humbler walks of life, and the question of compensation was hardly considered.

"Had he been ambitious he would have attained high rank in the ministry.

"Sincere, earnest, unselfish and self-sacrificing, he was not worldly minded.

"Clear and decided in his views on all questions of public interest he held and advocated them fearlessly.

"His ideas of life were serious; but under a sober, thoughtful manner, he had a warm, generous heart, and was ever ready with kindly sympathy and assistance for those in trouble or affliction.

"Death came in his eighty-ninth year, from a gradual failing of his vital powers, and the end was peaceful and painless."



MONUMENT IN CEMETERY AT LIME SPRINGS, IOWA.

His remains were laid in the cemetery at Lime Springs, Iowa, by the side of those of his loved companion, who had gone before to a better land.

Frances Lyon was born April 15, 1813, at Oppenheim, in Fulton county, New York, the sixth daughter of Doctor Benjamin Lyon and Margaret Duncan, his wife.

On July 5, 1820, her mother died, and on May 26, 1822, her father married again, and died October 24, 1826.

Doctor Benjamin Lyon was a practicing physician; educated, capable and skillful in his profession; of high character as a man; leading and influential; loved and respected by neighbors and friends.

Margaret Duncan, his wife, was a daughter of John Duncan, a Scotchman of means and prominence, who came to New York at an early day and located near Schenectady, establishing a home, whose broad acres were known as the "Hermitage."

Fanny Lyon's home after her parents' death was for some years before her marriage, at Little Falls, Herkimer county, New York, with an older sister, Julia, wife of Stephen W. Brown, a leading, influential and well to do merchant.

Here, handsome, educated, accomplished and winning, she was prominent in the gay social life of a charming circle of bright young people. It was an ideal home.

Mrs. Stephen W. Brown was an exceptionally capable, gifted and accomplished woman, and a brilliant social leader.

Her husband was a gentleman of the highest character, popular in business and politics, genial, generous and hospitable, with a noble face and commanding presence, largely interested in trade and manufactures, and for a time "*High Sheriff*" of Herkimer county.

At Little Falls, in the spring of 1838, occurred a revival of religion that attracted widespread interest. The meetings were conducted by Rev. Phillip Perry Brown, an able, earnest and zealous Baptist minister.

George D. Lyon, a successful young merchant of Little Falls, unmarried and making his home with his sisters, Mrs. Stephen W. Brown and Fanny Lyon, was a member of the Baptist church, and with his sister Fanny, attended the meetings.

Charles Edwin Brown, a son of the presiding minister, a theological student just from the university at Hamilton, young, zealous, able and enthusiastic in his chosen calling of the ministry, was present assisting his father in carrying on the work. He became a guest

FAMILY BURIAL LOT OF STEPHEN W. BROWN, AT LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK.



of Stephen W. Brown's family during the meeting, and was cordially received and entertained.

Fanny Lyon was an interested attendant of the revival services, and became a convert.

The acquaintance of the young people thus thrown together, ripened into love, and giving up a bright and promising future in a worldly way, she became, September 26, 1838, the wife of a minister, possessed of nothing but health, a good education, ability of a high order, and zeal and sincerity in his calling. Possibly the extent of the sacrifice was not fully realized. It was a life of toil, trial and self-denying economy, doing largely for others, and looking to the future for its reward and compensation. But it was in the line of duty, and its faithful performance brought an approving conscience. She discharged all its duties loyally and well; bore her share of its burdens, and contributed fully to its joys.

She was a consistent Christian, a devoted, loving wife and mother, and a model home-maker; always cheerful and hopeful.

Death came at the home in Lime Springs, Iowa, June 12, 1887, after a long illness, borne with Christian patience, faith and fortitude.

The children of Rev. Charles E. and Frances Lyon Brown were:

Benjamin Perry Brown, born in the Baptist parsonage at Norway, Herkimer county, New York, July 30, 1839, and was drowned at Brown's ford in the Maquoketa river, near Maquoketa, Iowa, on the afternoon of June 20, 1848, when nearly nine years of age.

He was in many lovable ways a remarkable little fellow, bright and playful, but thoughtful and considerate, conscientious and of a devotional turn of mind, unusual for a child. He won and held the warmest love of his parents. A most promising life was cut short by his untimely death.

His loss was a crushing blow to his parents. and his mother never ceased to mourn him to the end of her long life.

Sketch of *Charles Perry Brown*, published in a "Biographical History of Wapello County," at Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1901.

"Captain Charles P. Brown was born near Little Falls, Herkimer county, New York, October 30, 1840, the son of Rev. Charles E. and Frances Lyon-Brown.

"His father was a Baptist minister, a graduate of Madison University, who came to Iowa in May, 1842, as a Missionary by appointment from the American Baptist Home Mission Society, locating first at Maquoketa, Jackson county, and the following fall at Davenport. After nine years of arduous and successful

labor in his calling, failing health necessitated his return to New York in May, 1851, where he spent six years in central and western counties, returning to Iowa in July, 1857, to make a home, in Howard county.

"Captain Brown's mother, a noble Christian woman, and a devoted, loving wife and mother, was a daughter of Doctor Benjamin Lyon, of Herkimer county, New York, whose wife, Mrs. Brown's mother, was Margaret Duncan, daughter of John Duncan, a prominent Scotchman, who left his native land on account of political disturbances, and settled near Schenectady, New York, at an early day.

"The subject of this sketch was educated in the common schools of New York and Iowa, and was a teacher in country district schools in northern Iowa during the winter terms of 1859, 1860 and 1861. He was the first volunteer from Howard county for the Civil war, enlisting about April 20, 1861, in the Decorah Guards, a Winneshiek county company, which was mustered into the service of the United States as Company D, Third regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, at Keokuk, Iowa. The First, Second and Third regiments of Iowa Infantry were organized at Keokuk about the same time, all being there together before any left for the field.

"At the organization of his company, Mr.

Brown was elected third corporal, and in March, 1862, was promoted to second sergeant. He was made first lieutenant of artillery in May, 1863, and in September, 1864, was appointed captain and assistant adjutant general of volunteers by President Lincoln, holding that position until discharged in December, 1865. He served continuously from April 25, 1861, until December 31, 1865, four years and eight months, when he was honorably discharged by order of the War Department, for the reason that his services were no longer required. He was on staff duty about four years, as regimental and brigade quartermaster, aide-de-camp, and assistant adjutant general, serving more than a year with Major General Stephen A. Hurlbut, who commanded the Fourth Division, Army of the Tennessee, at Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh and Corinth, and later the Sixteenth Army Corps, and the Department of the Gulf. He was in every battle and campaign in which his command was engaged.

"After leaving the army, Captain Brown returned to his home in Vernon Springs, Howard county, Iowa; and was married August 30, 1866, to Adeline Fall, daughter of Rev. George W. Fall, of Howard county. He came to Ottumwa, March 1, 1871, as clerk in the office of General John M. Hedrick, supervisor of

United States internal revenue for a district comprising eight northwestern states and territories, and was soon after appointed United States Internal Revenue Agent on the recommendation of General Hedrick, and served in that capacity until October, 1881, resigning on account of failing health. The Ottumwa National Bank was then organizing and Captain Brown was offered and accepted the position of cashier. In August, 1883, he left the bank to become auditor of the coal mining, railroad and supply companies owned and operated by J. C. Osgood. This work proving too arduous, was given up in July, 1884, and for three years he was out of business. In the fall of 1887 Mr. Brown organized the Ottumwa Savings Bank, and was its president until August, 1895, when the condition of his health obliged him to give up all business for a time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown have two children living: Benjamin P., born at McGregor, Iowa, December 11, 1869, and Louise F. born at Ottumwa, Iowa, January 28, 1881, both of whom were educated in the public schools of Ottumwa. Benjamin P. went into the retail hardware store of the Harper and McIntire Company; then Harper, Chambers and Company, in May, 1886, to learn the business. In September, 1888, he began work in the Ot-

tumwa Savings Bank; was made assistant cashier in 1891, and cashier in August, 1895. He is a popular, capable and successful banker."

James DeGrush Brown was born in LeClaire township, Scott county, Iowa, February 9, 1846, in a brick house on the prairie, a few miles west of the Mississippi river and the village of LeClaire.

The country was new and thinly settled, the nearest neighbor being one-half mile to the south. North, east and west was the boundless prairie, without human habitation in sight. Wolves howled around the house and came almost to our door nearly every night. Prairie chickens were plentiful; large flocks used to gather, and the males strut about and sound their booming notes in plain sight of, and near the house, and a fat young hen for a meal was almost as handy to get as a fowl from a domestic barn yard. Indians were occasional visitors.

James was a dutiful, obedient boy, of correct and studious habits, a ready learner, and a great reader of books, with a good memory. Considering his limited opportunities, his education was better than that of any of his brothers.

He was a school teacher in country districts in north Iowa a few terms; and in 1867 began



FRANK LOGAN BROWN,

work for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company with the locating engineers on the Iowa and Dakota Division. Later he was operator at various stations on the Iowa and Minnesota Division, and agent at Lime Springs for about fifteen years.

He came to the "Burlington" road February 1, 1889, as agent at Fairfield, and to Ottumwa April 1, 1890.

June 1, 1903, he became traveling freight agent for the Indiana, Iowa and Illinois Railway Company; and in the fall of 1905, general agent at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the New York Central lines.

James was always a capable, trusty and faithful worker in all the positions he held.

In 1862, he enlisted in the Sixteenth United States Regular Infantry, when but sixteen years of age. An acute and serious illness, unfitting him for service, caused his discharge for disability a few months later; to his very great disappointment and regret.

George Lyon Brown was born in the Baptist parsonage at Norway, Herkimer county, New York, July 29, 1853. The family home was located at Vernon Springs, Howard county, Iowa, in July 1857.

George was an active, wide awake, enterprising boy, loving, considerate and helpful to his mother; of a cheerful, kindly and obliging

disposition, seldom at variance with his playmates.

His first work away from home was as a trainman on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, between McGregor and Minneapolis, as brakeman on a freight, and later on a passenger train, beginning in 1870. He was industrious and trusty, interested and ambitious, readily gaining the good will, confidence and respect of his employers, and success and promotion in his life work was a reasonable expectation.

On the evening of September 1, 1871, while coupling the sleeping car "Minnesota" on the train at St. Paul Junction, he was caught between the platforms of the sleeper and the rear coach, number seventy-seven, receiving injuries resulting in his death within an hour.

The railway company's report of the accident, says:

"George L. Brown, brakeman, killed on the evening of September 1, 1871, at about 7:27. Train No. 4, W. M. Bryant, conductor, Engine No. 41, B. H. Lewis, engineer, arrived at St. Paul Junction, when in making the coupling between Coach No. 77, and the sleeping car "Minnesota," he was caught between the coaches. We helped him on the platform, and put him on train No. 25 for Minneapolis. He



REV. GEO. W. FALL.



MISS ADELINE P. FALL, AUG. 1866.

MRS. CHAS. P. BROWN, 1871.



CHAS. P. BROWN, 1863.





MR. AND MRS. CHAS. P. BROWN. 1892
AND EDITH, 1885.



LOUISE
FRANCES

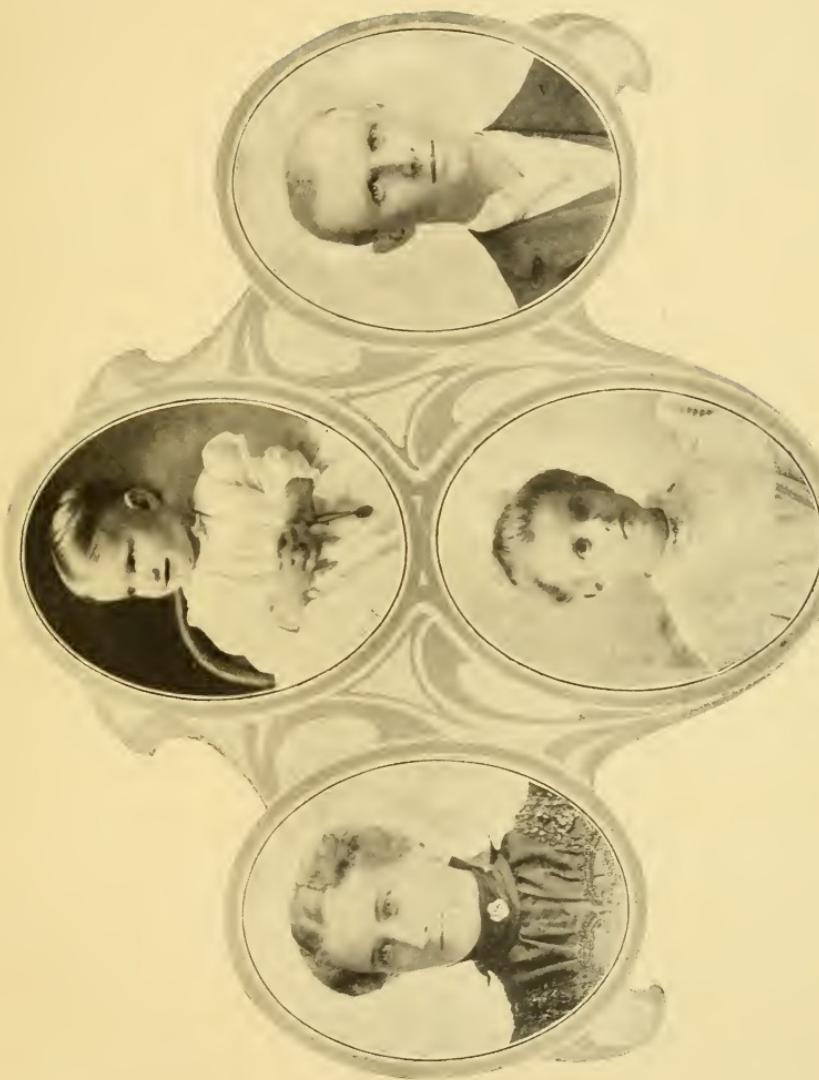
EDITH
BEN

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. CHAS. P. BROWN

BEN P. BROWN

MARY LOUISE
FRANCES

MRS. BEN P. BROWN



MR. AND MRS. LESTER M. LINTON





JAMES D. BROWN.



MRS. JAMES D. BROWN.



GEORGE E. BROWN AND WIFE.



MISS VINNIE FRANCES BROWN



VINNIE F. BROWN.

FRANCES MARGARET BROWN.

CHILDREN OF JAMES D. AND ELLA F. BROWN.

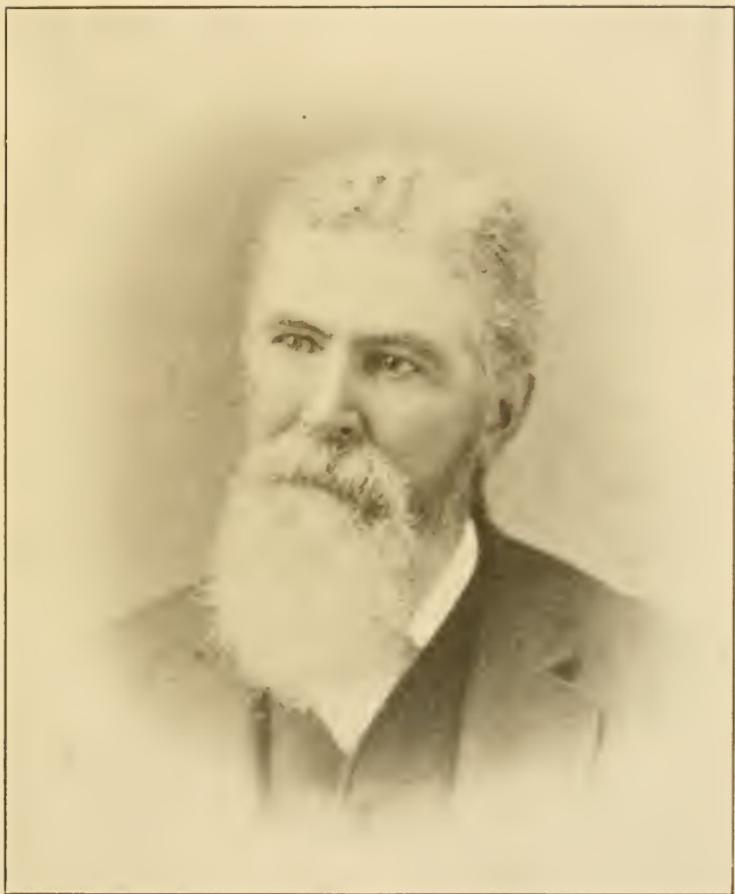
GEORGE E. BROWN.

FRANK LOGAN BROWN.





VINNIE FRANK GEORGE
CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES D. BROWN



C. C. HEWITT



MRS. C. C. HEWITT



WILLIAM C. BROWN



MRS. WILLIAM C. BROWN



MISS MARGARET HEDDENS BROWN



MARGARET BROWN



MARGARET AND BERTHA BROWN



DR. FRANK E. PIERCE



MRS. FRANK E. PIERCE



BERTHA BROWN.



DR. KELLOGG SPEED



MRS. KELLOGG SPEED.



MARGARET

BERTHA

GEORGIA

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. W. C. BROWN



MISS BERTHA BROWN SPEED



JOHN HENRY PIERCE.



BERTHA BROWN

MRS. F. E. PIERCE

WILLIAM BROWN PIERCE



MRS. BERTHA BROWN SPEED
AND DAUGHTER

died on train 25, in coach No. 24, about fifteen minutes after the accident occurred.

The coaches were backed up once and he didn't make the coupling, and signaled the engineer to go ahead and back up again.

When the coaches came together, the draft irons slipped by, and caught him between the platforms. He had made the same coupling repeatedly, and thought he could do it then."

This extract is from the report of Conductor Bryant to the company.

George made friends of all with whom he was associated, and his tragic and untimely death was a dreadful shock, and was long and deeply mourned by his family and friends.

William Carlos Brown, (and his twin brother George L.) was born at the Baptist parsonage in the little town of Norway, in Herkimer county, New York, on the 29th day of July, 1853, on the southern border of the Great North Woods, the Adirondack Wilderness.

For the ensuing four years the parental home was in central and western New York; in Norway, until September, 1854; then in Fenner, Madison county, until May, 1856; then in Gaines and Murray, Orleans county, until July, 1857, when it was removed to Iowa and established at Vernon Springs, in Howard county.

Aside from home instruction, his education was acquired in common schools.

The boys were inseparable companions, never having any serious differences or misunderstandings. They were more active, enterprising and mischievous than the average boys, and at the same time, dutiful, obedient and helpful about home, and affectionate and considerate to their mother.

Will was especially devoted to his mother, and had a way of demonstrating his affection, always dear to a mother's heart, that won her warmest love.

She was very proud of her twin boys, and devotedly attached to them; and they were exceptionally bright and interesting little fellows.

As soon as they were able to be useful, they cheerfully bore their share of the burden of a home, where means were limited, and a modest living had to be secured by industry and economy; and were always ready to add to the family comfort and income by earning something whenever an opportunity presented.

W. C. Brown's railroad life and work began in the little town of Thompson, Illinois, where, in 1868 and 1869, he was employed wooding engines; and later on the section on the old Western Union, now a part of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul system.

During the time in this employment, he devoted his evenings to learning telegraphy, and in the spring of 1870, became operator at Charles City, on the Iowa and Dakota Division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road; was operator at various stations on the line in Iowa and Minnesota, until the spring of 1871, when he was made night operator in the Train Dispatcher's office at Minneapolis.

In June, 1872, he went to the Iowa Division of the Illinois Central road as train dispatcher at Waterloo; and in March, 1875, to Wilton Junction as dispatcher for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway until July 1, 1876, when he accepted a similar position on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad at Ottumwa.

For twenty-five years, from July 1, 1876, until June 30, 1901, he was connected with the "Burlington."

He reported for duty at Ottumwa, Iowa, going to Burlington in a fortnight; was dispatcher at Burlington from July, 1876, until January 1, 1880.

Chief Dispatcher, St. Louis Division, at Beardstown, Illinois, January 1, 1880, to January, 1881.

Trainmaster, St. Louis Division, at Beardstown, January, 1881 to July, 1884.

Assistant Superintendent, St. Louis Divi-

sion, at Beardstown, July, 1884, to January 1, 1887.

Superintendent, Iowa lines, at Burlington, January 1, 1887, to August, 1890.

General Manager of the Missouri lines of the Burlington System, August, 1890, to January 1, 1896, with headquarters at St. Joseph, Missouri.

General Manager, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, at Chicago, January 1, 1896, to June 30, 1901.

His connection with the New York Central began July 1, 1901; when he went to Cleveland, as vice president and general manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Lake Erie and Western Railways.

In February, 1902, he was made vice president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. In February, 1905, operating vice president; and on June 1, 1906, senior vice president of the New York Central Lines, comprising,

The New York Central and Hudson River,
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern,
Michigan Central,
West Shore,
Lake Erie and Western,
New York and Ottawa,
Indiana, Illinois and Iowa,
Rutland,

Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, Lake Erie, Alliance and Wheeling, and The Chicago, Indiana and Southern.

About twelve thousand miles of the finest and most important railway system on earth.

The Ottumwa Courier, referring to his promotion to the position of general manager of the Burlington, said:

"There are a few especial reasons for General Manager Brown's success. He took whatever duties were assigned to him, and gave them his very best effort. He never scorned any task, however humble, the drudgery of which would have caused other men to resign.

"His methods have always been clean and honest, and his treatment of the public and subordinates, has been based on exactly the same candor and courtesy accorded to his superiors in rank. The story of his life reads like a romance, and in it there is the greatest incentive to youth for hard work, intelligent effort and clean methods in whatever they undertake."

Referring to his appointment as vice president of the New York Central and Hudson River road in February, 1902; the New York World, in a first page article, said:

"A new railroad wizard, takes place of great power and prominence here.

"A radical change in the management of the

New York Central was made yesterday, by the election of William C. Brown, now vice president of the Lake Shore, as vice president of the Central, with new duties on a larger scale, than any New York Central Railroad official has ever yet assumed.

"Mr. Brown becomes the active directing and responsible head of the combined transportation, engineering, equipment, and mechanical departments of the road.

"His position will be of more individual importance and responsibility, than any that has yet existed on any great railroad system.

"Mr. Brown, who now becomes one of the foremost men in the eastern railway field, has worked his way up from the very bottom.

"He will retain the vice presidency of the Lake Shore, and Lake Erie and Western."

With executive and administrative ability of the highest order; he combines untiring industry, patience and good nature that nothing can ruffle or disturb; unswerving fidelity to his duties, and the rare and priceless faculty of gaining and keeping the good will of patrons; and the love, respect and loyal support of employes and subordinates of the roads.

Modest, unassuming, genial and approachable, with no pride of position or power, he is a remarkable man of a marvelous age.

Roads under his management are notably

free from accidents and labor troubles.

Mr. Brown is domestic in his tastes, and his home life is ideal.

He was married at Lime Springs, Howard county, Iowa, June 3, 1874; to Miss Mary Ella Hewitt, daughter of C. C. and Mary Cheesboro Hewitt. Mr. Hewitt was a hardware merchant, a highly respected, successful business man. It is no flattery to say that Miss Hewitt was the belle and beauty of the little town, and that she is a model wife, mother and home-maker.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have three daughters, of whom any parents may be proud. Two are married and have handsome homes near their parents.

Georgia, the eldest; refined, educated and accomplished, is the wife of Dr. Frank Ellis Pierce, a rising young physician, and a very pleasant gentleman, son of Hon. John H. Pierce, of Kewanee, Illinois; a leading manufacturer and prominent in public affairs of the state.

Bertha, a charming little woman; fair-faced, bright-eyed, lovable and winning, is the wife of Dr. Kellogg Speed; just entering upon a promising career in his profession.

Margaret, the youngest, at home; trim, compact, graceful and vivacious; a very bright little miss of sixteen, is a fine equestrian,

and the comrade, companion and pride of her father.

He has a boyish love for all good kinds of fun, appreciates and enjoys a joke, and knows how to make one; likes a farm, and fine stock, horses and cattle, of which he is a judge and always has a goodly number.

At home and off duty he is a generous host, a welcome guest, a genial companion, and the center of a fascinating circle of friends.

Since his appointment as senior vice president of the New York Central lines, his headquarters, office and home are located in New York City.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED JULY 4, 1845, AT LE CLAIR, SCOTT
COUNTY, TERRITORY OF IOWA.

"The document which has just been read in our hearing is called 'The Declaration of Independence.' The committee appointed by the Continental Congress assembled in Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, to draw up that declaration, consisted of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut; and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. Jefferson was the author. The vote was taken on its adoption July 4, 1776, at about mid-day; a time of intense solemnity and interest. The declaration was read at the head of each brigade of the army; it was read from the pulpit; it was read in legislative halls, and at the corners of

the streets, and everywhere met with a warm response from the American people.

In that noblest of all state papers ever issued from a legislative body, is this memorable language, developing principles most noble and glorious, cherished with the warmest and most ardent affection by every true American heart. Principles upon which the superstructure of our government was reared and upon which it still rests, viz: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." A similar sentiment was expressed many centuries before the Declaration of Independence came into being, and comes to us under the sanction of Divine revelation in these words, "He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

The Bible and the Declaration of Independence know no royal blood, no ordinate and subordinate conditions of men as they come from the hand of their Creator. One declares that "of one blood all men were made," the other that "all men are created equal and en-

dowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which is that of liberty."

In the first place let us glance briefly at the nature of personal liberty.

Very incorrect and absurd notions are entertained in reference to personal liberty, some supposing it to consist in every person doing what he pleases without regard for the rights, interests and happiness of others; without regard for society. While others think that personal liberty is sufficiently ample if their fellow men have the liberty to think only as they think, and to do what they choose to have them do. Both of these views are radically wrong and equally destructive of every principal of true personal liberty.

"Every human being," says a philosopher of our own country, "is by his constitution a separate distinct and complete system, adapted to all the purposes of self government and responsible to God for the manner in which his powers are employed."

Every person has a perfect right, so far as his fellow men are concerned, to use his liberty as he pleases; provided, always, he does not use it to the injury of his neighbors; he may go where he pleases and when he pleases and come when he will; he may work, play or be idle, just as suits him best. If he sur-

renders any of his personal rights it must be with his uncoerced consent.

As, for instance, in the formation and wholesome provisions of society, the members mutually and on the principles of reciprocity surrender some of their personal rights to society which is essential to its very existence. 1. The person transfers to society the right of self-protection. 2. He transfers the right to redress his wrongs or injuries.

On the other hand, society engages to protect him in the innocent enjoyment of his rights and redress his wrongs. Hence it is wrong for a person or persons to take redress into their own hands. Should such a course be generally adopted society would soon come to an end. If, for any cause, society fails to perform its part of the contract, it is the duty and privilege of the person to fall back on his original rights and protect himself and redress his own wrongs. Such cases have occurred in this western country, where horse thieves, counterfeiters and robbers have leagued together for protection in their intolerable depredations, so that the ends of law and justice were constantly and effectually defied. Under such circumstances it is right for the outraged neighbors to do as they sometimes have done—take re-

dress into their own hands; not, however, until they have found by actual trial, that the laws cannot, or will not, protect them.

Personal liberty may be violated: 1. In cases where one person assumes control of the actions, physical and intellectual, of another. This point is so clear as to need no illustration. 2. Society may violate personal liberty by imprisonment, or by reducing to vassalage, where no crime has been committed; or where crime has been committed, by inflicting punishment without giving the accused a fair trial; or by passing laws disfranchising a person or persons; or placing them under civil or political disabilities; or by restricting or coercing their religious faith and forms of worship.

Each and every person, so far as his fellow men are concerned, has a perfect right to believe what he has a mind to; to worship what, and in what form he is disposed to; provided, he leaves the same right to others unimpaired, and none must molest or make him afraid. To connect church with state, or establish a specified form of religion by law is a gross and palpable violation of the most sacred rights of men and should be sternly and persistently resisted.

To secure these rights the Declaration tells us governments are instituted among men,

deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; whenever a form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

These, we repeat, are the glorious principles upon which the constitution of our government was formed. Our law makers are the servants of the people; agents appointed by the people. The executive is the servant of the people. He occupies the executive chair because the people put him there. If they think best, he is left out and another is elected to fill his place. The people are the sovereigns of the land.

In no country are the principles of liberty so well understood, so well defined, so amply enjoyed as in our own highly favored republic. And it devolves upon us, fellow citizens, to maintain and guard most scrupulously these principles and transmit them, to cheer and bless those who shall occupy our places in generations yet to come.

Let us now turn our attention to the beginning, the gradual development and consummation of those principles of liberty we now enjoy. There was first the dawning, then the

twilight then the meridian blaze of a glorious day. Great principles, either of physics or morals, political economy or human rights and human liberty are not developed and brought to perfection at once, but are the work of time. Old and venerated forms, customs and institutions must be removed; long standing and deep rooted prejudices must be overcome; new and startling ideas and principles introduced.

When Patrick Henry made his impassioned appeal in behalf of American freedom before the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in which occurs that immortal exclamation, "Give me liberty or give me death," the eloquent speech was greeted with cries of "Treason" from different parts of the hall.

The resolution offered in the Continental Congress, "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown," etc., was treason.

Before America was discovered, the idea that the people had some rights began to be entertained. It was the violation of these imperfectly conceived rights, the intolerable oppression, political and religious, that drove the first settlers of America from their homes in the Old World, from friends and every endeared association, to find a resting place, an

asylum of the persecuted and oppressed in a far off wilderness country, inhabited by beasts of prey and savage tribes; where they were exposed to hardships and sufferings of the most appalling character, for which, however, they felt themselves amply compensated by the sweets of liberty enjoyed in their new homes.

The following indignant reply of Colonel Barre to Charles Townsend in the British Parliament in the days of the American Revolution, contains the truth. Referring to the American colonies, he says, "Children planted by your care!" "No, your oppression planted them in America; they fled from your tyranny into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable, and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe. And yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure." The principles of liberty were brought by the Pilgrims to the New World, in an imperfectly conceived, crude and unformed state.

Monarchy had no motive to emigrate to the wilds of America; priestcraft did not come; they were present only in shadow. By the steadfast attractions of interest, monarchy and priestcraft were retained in the Old World. To the forests of America came a

free people; to the forests of America religion came as a companion to cheer and comfort in the midst of trials and sufferings. It is true the principles of liberty were but imperfectly developed and understood by the Pilgrim fathers. Their views of religious liberty were less correct than those of civil liberty. They supposed the people ought to be compelled to go to meeting by civil law; that the institutions of the Gospel should be supported by a legalized tax upon the people, and that this tax should go to support a particular church and denomination, and that orthodoxy should be looked after and protected by the civil magistrates and heresy severly punished by the officers of justice.

It was for opposing these relics of tyranny and oppression that Roger Williams was banished from the colony of Massachusetts in the dead of a New England winter. For fourteen weeks he was sorely tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean. Often in a stormy night he had neither fire, food or company; often he wandered without a guide and had no shelter but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which led him to defend the freedom of conscience, made him the friend and champion of the Indians, and thus secured their most

cordial attachment. Williams had often been the welcome guest of the neighboring chiefs before his exile; and now when he came, in winter, a lone wanderer from oppression, to the cabin of the chief of Pokanoket he was welcomed by Massasoit, and the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him, as expressed in the language of the times, "as his son to the last gasp."

The place where he finally fixed his habitation to express his gratitude for, and his confidence in the protection and mercies of God, he called Providence. "I desire," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

No one, said Williams, should be compelled to worship, or maintain a worship against his own consent.

"What!" exclaimed his antagonist, amazed at his strange tenents, "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" "Yes, from them that hire him."

Williams asserted that the magistrates are but the agents of the people, or their trustees on whom no spiritual power could be conferred, since conscience belongs to the individual and is not the property of the body politic. The magistrates were selected exclusively from the members of the church ac-

cording to law. Williams contended that with equal propriety a doctor of physics or a pilot should be selected for his skill in theology or standing in the church.

Another champion for liberty in those early times was William Penn, the pioneer of the State that bears his name. As an expression and memorial of the principles and feelings he cherished, and, so far as he could, infused into those around him, he named the city which he founded, Philadelphia, or the City of Brotherly Love.

In an address to the people of the colony, he expressed his opinion of liberty and what the people might expect. "I hope," says Penn, "you will not be troubled at your change and the king's choice, for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor who comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person."

Speaking of his colony, he says, "A free colony for all mankind."

This spirit of liberty brought by the early settlers to the New World was cherished and increased until it lighted up a torch that made tyranny, despotism and oppression quail and hasten from the land of freedom.

But we pass to those scenes more closely connected with the Revolution. For more than one hundred years after the first settlement of the American colonies, the British government manifested but little interest in their prosperity or welfare, although the colonies were continually harassed by hostile Indian tribes, their houses burned, their farms pillaged and laid waste, their families butchered or carried into barbarous and hopeless captivity. When the colonies, by persevering industry, laboring under every disadvantage, arrived at a state of prosperity and importance that attracted the attention of European governments, then the insatiable avarice of the British Parliament caused it to manifest much professed interest in the prosperity of the American colonies, but this concern was purely selfish as the sequel clearly proved.

The language of Colonel Barre in reply to Townsend on this point is most eloquent and just. "They nourished by your indulgence! No. They grew by your neglect. When you began to care for them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them, to spy out their liberty, to misrepresent their actions and to prey upon their substance."

The oppressive measures of the British Parliament which excited resistance and

formed the spirit of liberty in the American people commenced as far back as 1664. Parliament regarded the people of the colonies as an inferior grade of his Majesty's subjects, dependent upon his will, and to be made at all hazard subservient to the aggrandizement of the British crown. Parliament, by certain legislative acts, confined the American trade almost exclusively to the mother country. To benefit her own citizens the government prohibited in many instances the establishment of manufactories in the colonies. These oppressive and unjust restrictions and prohibitions were in their effect most prejudicial to the interest and welfare of New England, as the natural sterility of the soil offered but poor inducements to agricultural pursuits.

Next a law was passed imposing duties on certain articles of merchandise to be paid in the colonial ports. This was done to extort revenue from the people of the colonies for support of the home government.

Soon followed the infamous Stamp Act, by which the people were compelled to use stamped papers furnished by the government, for which they were obliged to pay an exorbitant price. All deeds, contracts and the like not written on this stamped paper, were null and void. Further, a law was passed providing for the trial and punishment of any

violation of these unjust and oppressive enactments, without juries—by judges entirely dependent on the crown.

It was on the passage of the Stamp Act that Franklin, who was at the time in London, wrote home to Mr. Thompson, an ardent friend of liberty in the city of Philadelphia—“The sun of liberty is set. You must light the candles of industry and economy.” “Be assured,” was the reply, “we shall light up torches of quite another sort.”

The colonies remonstrated and petitioned against these acts of injustice in respectful yet most decided language, but to very little effect. However, at the instance of the celebrated Pitt, the Stamp Act was repealed. Other odious laws were left in full force.

Then a law was passed imposing a tax on glass and teas taken to America. The people became convinced that it was the settled purpose of the British government to tax them, and to which they must submit and become the vassals of England, or resist unto blood these aggressions upon their rights. Little time was required to decide the momentous question. “Liberty or death,” was the response. So ardently were the people attached to liberty and so resolute in resisting the steady encroachments of injustice and tyranny, all, rich and poor, young and old, men and

women, abandoned the use of tea entirely, and swept the beverage from their tables. About this time a ship arrived in Boston harbor, freighted with tea. The citizens at once gave the captain to understand that he could quietly leave the harbor with his vessel and its contents, provided he set sail within a specified time. Not heeding this admonition, about twenty persons, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the ship and, protected by the citizens, broke open three hundred and forty-two boxes of tea and poured the contents into the sea.

This act highly exasperated the British Parliament and their object now was to inflict punishment upon their refractory subjects. Various and oppressive measures were resorted to, to subdue the rebellious, but the only effect, so far as the people of the colonies were concerned, was to extend and fan the flame of liberty and consolidate the spirit of resistance, and strengthen the determination to resist unto blood and death these aggressions of the home government.

The 19th of April, 1775, is memorable in the annals of the long struggle for independence as being the day upon which the first battle was fought at Lexington, between the British and Americans. On the whole the result was in favor of freedom. The news

spread rapidly through the country; people were everywhere intensely excited; the farmer left his plow, the mechanic his tools, the lawyer his books, the merchant his goods, and hastened to the scene of action. Thus commenced the struggle which lasted for seven long years, attended by hardships, privations, suffering and bloodshed, of which we can have but faint conception, and which ended only when Great Britain declared to the world, America is free.

Soon followed the battle of Bunker Hill, in which the enemy, though with double the numbers of men, were twice repulsed with dreadful loss and only succeeded in driving the Americans from their post when ammunition was exhausted and nothing left by which to defend themselves but empty muskets. Over one thousand of His Majesty's troops were dead and wounded on the field. The American loss was not half that number.

The battles of Saratoga and Yorktown were the most decisive during the war in bringing about the grand result—the independence of America and the glorious liberty we now enjoy. At Saratoga, Burgoyne, the British general, surrendered with his entire army to General Gates and his noble band of patriots. This occurred in October, 1777.

In October, 1781, the battle of Yorktown

was fought which resulted in the surrender of the British fleet and the army of Lord Cornwallis, and terminated the war.

The glorious intelligence flew on the wings of the wind. So great was the joy that some lost their reason, and one, a good patriot in the city of Philadelphia, expired.

You will now briefly notice the character, the kind of people the men and women engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. It would be superfluous to say they were the friends of Freedom. The struggle was not despotism against despotism; not to cast off one form of tyranny for the sake of another, but the struggle was between despotism and liberty. No sacrifice was too great, no suffering too appalling to be endured for Freedom. Wives said to husbands, go; mothers said to their sons, go and fight the battles of God and your country. Sisters encouraged brothers as they were leaving home for the army in the most heroic exhortations. Ladies of rank and fortune made cartridges for the soldiers.

You have read of the heroic conduct of Molly Stark, the soldier's wife, during the battle of Trenton. During the hottest of the action she carried water from a neighboring spring to her husband and fellow soldiers. Her husband was a gunner; a ball struck him, and he fell at his post. No one could be spared to

take his place. The noble and patriotic woman performed the duties of a gunner with so much ability and bravery that she received the title of Captain Molly.

The sufferings of the soldiers were often most intense from want of clothing and food, and none but men fighting for freedom would have endured them with such cheerfulness and heroic fortitude.

The army that went to Canada by way of the Kenebec were driven to such extremities in the uninhabited wilderness through which they passed late in the fall that dogs, cartridge boxes and old shoes were eaten with avidity.

In midwinter the soldiers were sometimes without shoes, and they could be tracked by the blood from their lacerated feet.

When disheartening defeat and disaster attended the American arms, as was sometimes the case, the enemy would embrace such times of gloominess to offer pardon and bribes to the officers and men to induce them to abandon the cause of liberty and return to their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain.

But the language of Gen. Reed on one of these occasions expressed the feelings of all. He was offered ten thousand pounds sterling and a high office in the British service if he would desert the American cause. His

noble reply was: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

Lastly: There were a God acknowledging and a God-fearing people. They not only believed the abstract truth or doctrine of the existence of a Supreme Being, but with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, they mutually pledged each other "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," for the support of the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

The records of Congress at that time abundantly prove this by the frequent national days of fasting and prayer and seasons of thanksgiving. When disaster attended the American army a day of fasting and prayer was observed, and when success and victory brightened the prospects of freedom a day of public thanksgiving.

The special providence of God was clearly manifested in guiding and controlling the events of that long struggle, which eventuated so gloriously to the cause of liberty and the people of the colonies. In raising up such a man as Washington at such a time, in preserving his life, though frequently in the hottest of the fight, in blood and carnage.

In distinctly marked providence in favor of the Americans and against the enemy. There

is the memorable military race that took place between General Morgan and Lord Cornwallis at the south—first to the fords of the Catawba, and then to those of the Yadkin.

Morgan, with a force of Americans greatly inferior in number, was retreating from and in imminent danger of capture or destruction by the British army under Cornwallis. Morgan reached the Catawba river just in time to cross before nightfall. Cornwallis, with his command, did not dare to attempt the crossing in the darkness. During the night a tremendous rain swelled the river out of banks, making it impossible for the British to cross save by a long detour, which was made.

A little later, and during the same retreat, Cornwallis' army stopped by darkness camped on the banks of the Yadkin river. The campfires of Morgan's band of patriots could be seen on the other side, and it seemed as though the light of the following day must witness their destruction, but again the "windows of heaven were opened" and the Yadkin was transformed into a raging, impassable torrent.

Disheartened at what was regarded by the British commander as a second interposition of Divine Providence, Cornwallis turned back from the pursuit, and Morgan's army was saved to the cause of freedom.

Lastly, let us briefly glance at the dangers that threaten our liberties. There are foreign and domestic foes to our free institutions. The crowned heads of Europe have always looked upon the United States with a jealous eye, and with feelings of positive dislike, on account of the discontent our institutions generate in the minds of their oppressed subjects. But dangers of this character need give us little alarm, as the United States in a just cause is a match for any European power.

Our domestic enemies are of another and more dangerous character.

1. Intemperance is a dangerous enemy to freedom. That which puts shackles on a man so effectually he cannot stir and unfits him for all business. Our rulers have been captured by this enemy.

2. Avarice, insatiable avarice, which leads to bribery and corruption.

3. That mob spirit which has already become formidable and increasing in the country. The reign of the mob is the reign of anarchy and terror. Liberties and rights are trampled on in the most wanton manner.

4. Another formidable enemy is the system of slavery. On this point I speak as an American citizen and friend of my country. If there were at the present time no dangerous indications seen from this quarter, the

nature of the case renders it an enemy of the most formidable character. Because slavery and liberty are opposites—they are antagonistic and cannot live in harmony—the one must be subverted by the other sooner or later. One is based upon principles contained in the Declaration of Independence, the other a palpable denial of those principles, and denominates that glorious and incomparable instrument a figure of speech—a rhetorical flourish, a beautiful abstraction. The encroachment of slavery upon freedom since the great actors in the scenes of the Revolution have passed away, has been steady, effectual and certain. It has demanded an abridgement of the liberty of the press, strangled free speech, and forced the surrender of territory consecrated to freedom, to its desolating power. It has demanded and obtained a judicial decision from the supreme tribunal of the land, that its dominion is co-extensive with the constitution of the United States.

God speed the day when another declaration shall be made in this land, no less important, no less grand and sublime than the one we have heard read to-day, which will proclaim the emancipation of a race now held in bondage, triumphantly vindicating the declaration, that “all men are created equal.”

NOTE

That part of this address, referring to slavery as one of the dangers threatening the country, and the existence of the government, and stating that freedom and slavery could not long exist side by side, that sooner or later one must go, was prophetic.

On June 16, 1858, thirteen years later, Mr. Lincoln in accepting the nomination for United States Senator from Illinois said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other."

William H. Seward at Rochester, New York, October 25, 1858, said:

"It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later become, either entirely a slave holding nation or entirely a free labor nation."

CHAPTER XV.

AN ADDRESS

BY REV. C. E. BROWN, DELIVERED IN CRESCO,
IOWA, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1875.

"Our address this evening upon the subject of Temperance will be based upon the following passage of scripture: 'And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with the sword and with hunger, and with death, and by the beasts of the earth.' Rev. 6: 8.

In the early history of mankind, when the words of the language of the people were few and inadequate to express abstract and profound truths, emblems, symbols, hieroglyphics, and other representations were resorted to as means by which ideas were conveyed from one person to another; and although

sometimes unavoidably involving the subject in doubt and obscurity, yet particularly impressive. Although the book of Revelation contains much given in symbols which the lapse of time alone can unfold, yet we read those descriptions, unsurpassed as they are in majesty and sublimity, with the deepest interest and most profound awe and reverence.

The book of Revelation is pre-eminently a book of symbols and in the interpretation and application of the symbols of this particular passage, expositors have by no means been agreed. And without the least pretense to uncommon originality we shall venture to make a new application of these symbols for your consideration this evening.

We shall apply them and endeavor to make good that application, to Intemperance and its train of consequences.

And why not? War is symbolized in this book. Famine is symbolized. Pestilence that walketh in darkness, and destruction that wasteth at noon day, are symbolized. And why not that more fearful curse, that unsurpassed evil which entails upon the human family far more widespread and dreadful calamities than war, famine and pestilence combined. This is not an exaggerated statement, but is fully corroborated by carefully prepared and thoroughly reliable statistics.

Now for the symbols and their application.

The writer of this wonderful book has in vision a train—a procession. At the head of this procession is a pale horse with his rider. The name of the rider is Death, and Hell followed with him and made up the train.

The Pale Horse is Intemperance. The rider, which personifies the direct consequences of intemperance, is Death. Hell or Hades, which makes up the mighty procession—the dark abyss whose depths have never been measured—whose gloomy recesses have never been surveyed, follows to engulf and swallow everything that is honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, in short, everything that makes life pleasant and desirable.

This represents the squalid wretchedness, the untold and indescribable devastation, moral and physical, which intemperance entails upon the human family.

But let us make up the mighty train.

First. The Pale Horse. This word describing the color or appearance of the horse is fearfully significant and is not fully expressed by the word pale. It means a livid pallor—a peculiar combination of black and blue so as to produce a purple pallor, such as is seen in the bloated face of him who died after a protracted season of debauchery, the victim of intemperance. The rider of this

pale horse the writer does not describe, but he calls him Death.

This pale horse with his rider is at the head of the column.

But let us in the first place make a street or way for this procession.

And in order that saloon keepers and all that are engaged in the nefarious traffic may have a clear and impressive view of the extent of their work of devastation, we will arrange their shops, and we embrace only those in our own beloved country, in two continuous parallel lines and we have a compact street more than one hundred miles in length.

As you pass along this street you will see magnificent palaces with marble fronts, fitted up in the most gorgeous and expensive manner to allure the rich, the noble, the educated, the refined, the gay and the giddy, within their gilded walls to sip the poison from golden goblets. You will also see low, loathsome doggeries, patronized by the masses from the slums of cities and towns. These are the extremes. Then there is every intermediate grade, so that all classes are embraced within their destructive purposes.

Death upon the Pale Horse triumphantly enters this long street, this mighty avenue of destruction—the murmuring winds of heaven mournfully playing the death dirge—followed

first by a funeral procession, composed of those who have died as the direct effects of intoxication in a single year—one hundred and fifty-two thousand in number, and making a procession more than fifty miles in length, taking many days to pass a given point. Tramp, tramp, this sad and melancholy cor-
tege moves night and day.

Among the dead you will see representatives from every class of society—senators, governors, generals, lawyers, doctors, professors from colleges, ministers of the gospel, farmers, mechanics, students, clerks, old, middle aged, young, and not a few females.

And then add to this long procession all who have lost their lives indirectly from intemperance—those who have been murdered—wives and children who have died by the cruelty and neglect of drunken husbands and fathers—the thousands that have lost their lives on railroads and steamboats and otherwise, through the stupidity and recklessness of employes, caused by drink, and the mighty column is nearly doubled.

And as a large majority of those composing this part of the procession are husbands and fathers, the next to file in are the mourners. They come in all the sad and squalid wretchedness and misery which intemperance entails. One hundred thousand widows and

three hundred thousand children moving in double file making a procession many miles in length. They come from dark, damp, gloomy cellars, filthy garrets, alms houses, poor houses and insane asylums.

The wails of these worse than widowed women, the cries of these worse than orphaned children, ascend to heaven and call in trumpet tones for vengeance upon their inhuman tormentors—the brutal authors of their sorrows. See the heart-broken wife and mother, with a face haggard with care and want as she tries in vain to hush the cries of a hungry babe. Hear the lamentations of mothers over sons who have gone down early in life to drunkard's graves. "Oh, my son, my darling son, would to God I had died for thee and with thee ere thou didst open thine eyes upon a rum cursed earth."

Look, my hearers, at this saddest of all funeral corteges as it is moving. Inspect each family group as it passes. See that widowed mother, pale, haggard, forlorn, carrying a puny, sickly child in her arms, leading another by the hand, followed by three or four more without the first expression of youthful vivacity and cheerfulness in their faces, all utterly crushed out by the demon of intemperance.

What we have thus briefly referred to in

the appearance of this procession of mourners is only some of the outside visible fruits of intemperance—of the rum traffic.

But the most vivid, the strongest imagination fails to bring out the scenes which lie back of the visible and apparent ravages of intemperance, and far deeper than all these, there lies a field of desolation, of devastation and ruin, which has never been explored and never can be described. "It is the wasted realm of social affection, the violated sanctuary of domestic peace." In that field the brightest hopes have been blasted, the most cherished aspirations disappointed, ambition crushed and loving hearts broken.

Many years ago, in one of the eastern states, a young couple were united in marriage. They were well educated, moved in the best circles of society, and were respected by all.

Their wedding festivities were not shaded by a single misgiving of either party. They started out upon life's voyage with apparently no adverse breeze or threatening cloud. The future however revealed the fact that a small cloud "like a man's hand" lay concealed below the horizon, whose dark hues, as it gradually came in sight, were in a measure divested of their ugliness by the brilliant rays of the morning sun. But that cloud, small and then foreboding no alarming danger,

gradually rose and expanded until the whole heavens were overcast, and it poured its destructive fiery bolts into the once happy family.

The fact was, though successfully concealed, the young man had contracted a taste for intoxicating drink. Without following the history of the family, always the same under like circumstances, things went from bad to worse until years of wretchedness had passed. One winter night the loving, confiding wife, now a mother of several children, in a cold, cheerless house, after putting the older ones to bed and caring for them as best she could, sat holding a sick one upon her lap. The husband and father came home at a late hour crazed with whiskey. Enraged because his supper was not ready he seized an old fashioned house shovel and with one terrible blow upon her head felled her to the floor. An alarm was given by the older children and when the neighbors came they found the poor woman already dead with tear stained cheeks.

Now take those tears as the representative of all the tears caused by the intemperance of that husband and father, and suppose them to be the representatives of all the sorrow and wretchedness caused directly and indirectly by his intemperance; then let the history of those tears be fully written, and we have a description of the devastation of intemperance

in one family and its immediate connections. We say its connections, for let it be borne in mind that that intemperate man was connected by strong and tender ties to others besides his wife and children. He was a son and brother as well as a husband and father. Furthermore, that dead wife and mother was also a daughter and sister, by reason of which sorrow and sadness were carried into other hearts and other families. And then let it be borne in mind that the consequences of that father's intemperance are entailed upon his children and perhaps upon children's children even to the third and fourth generations.

But we must pass on. Must leave this part of Hell that follows in the train of Death upon the Pale Horse, though by no means have we reached the end of the mighty column.

The next in the procession are from the jails, houses of correction, prisons, penitentiaries, and the like. The cause of their being in those places is told in one word—whiskey.

Their number amounts to over one hundred thousand annually, guilty of every shade of crime from petty larceny to the most brutal murder. There is nothing in all nature that has the power like intoxicating drinks to stupefy the conscience, to paralyze the moral sen-

timents, to blot out the affection, in short, to so completely brutalize the entire man. Under its influence husbands murder wives. Parents murder children, children murder parents, brothers murder brothers, neighbors murder neighbors.

This immense army of criminals is also composed of representatives of every class of community, every occupation, every age and of both sexes.

Now, my friends, could all the bloody, revolting and tragical circumstances connected with the perpetration of all the crimes this mighty army are guilty of be enacted before our own eyes, we might be prepared in some measure to appreciate the application of the symbols of the text. And Hell followed in the train.

But we have not yet reached the end of this mighty column. Still they come. It reaches back to an immeasurable distance. The van of another division crowds closely upon the rear of the preceding, and the thousands of the approaching column will soon take the places of those gone before.

The next in the procession are the living drunkards and the moderate drinkers, so called. These two classes are so thoroughly intermingled and mixed up, we will make no attempt to separate them.

They begin with beer and wine and end with whiskey. They begin with tippling, and end with drunkenness. They begin in the parlors on Turkish and velvet carpets, in the marble front and gorgeously furnished saloons, and end in the lowest and most filthy dives, and in the gutter. They begin with respectability and end with debauchery, shame and crime.

This class is far more numerous than any, and perhaps all that preceded. Its numbers go into millions. From this class the others are recruited. More, if it was not for this class the preceding ones would have no existence. Thousands of this class who seem to be so far towards the rear of the mighty column will very soon find themselves in close proximity to the Pale Horse with his rider. Tramp, tramp, the procession moves steadily along "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

This vast multitude in every stage of progress in the broad way that leads to the drunkard's death and to his end, is composed of husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, and more distant relations. Hence we shall be justified in repeating a statement before made: There are scenes which lie back of the visible and apparent ravages of intemperance and far

deeper than all these, there lies a field of desolation, of devastation and ruin which has never been explored and never can be described. It is the wasted realm of the strongest and most tender social affection, the violated sanctuary of domestic peace.

In that field the brightest hopes are blasted, the most cherished anticipations disappointed, ambition crushed and loving hearts broken.

All other evils and agents combined employed by the devil himself do not and cannot do so much to make hell on earth as intoxicating drinks.

A person may realize the truth of this statement to some extent, by taking a night walk through the streets and alleys and avenues of any great city, where every other house is a brothel and the intermediate one a saloon of the lowest order, mutually furnishing patronage to each other.

And lastly the class bringing up the rear of the column are the tax payers, the masses who either voluntarily or by constraint, pay tribute to intemperance. This monster evil is terribly exacting and lays every industry of the nation under contribution. It crowds our jails, penitentiaries, poor houses, alms houses and asylums with inmates. It lengthens the criminal dockets of our courts.

More money is paid out in the United States

in one year for intoxicating drinks and their immediate consequences than for flour and meal, cotton goods, woolen goods, clothing, boots and shoes, newspapers and books. If all the money expended in the United States annually for intoxicating liquors and their direct consequences was devoted to the liquidation of the national debt, it would be wiped out in less than three years. The state of Iowa alone, with her stringent liquor law, spends annually nearly thirty-six millions for the vile stuff.

But we will pass on. If we are correct in this application of the symbols already noticed, it will not be difficult to apply the balance.

"And the power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death by the beasts of the earth."

"Over a fourth of the earth."

By this we are to understand, not an exact definite part, but a widespread power to control, a general sweeping calamity. Pestilence, however destructive, is confined to localities. War, however desolating, is limited in its calamities. Famine, however appalling, is generally confined to communities. But the devastations of intemperance are not

bounded by communities, nations, or continents.

“To kill with the sword.”

This means death by violence, murder in its several degrees. It is a well known fact that such deaths are the prominent fruits of intemperance.

“And with hunger.”

An unmeasured future alone can reveal the countless number of human beings who have died and will yet die by starvation or by diseases caused by want of food, or in consequence of unwholesome food, all brought about by intemperance. And the number would be more than doubled if it were not for the public provision made to feed the hungry and starving victims of the inhuman traffic.

“And to kill with death.”

This is peculiar language and is intended to express a most significant truth. Death is made use of as an instrument with which to kill, i. e., death is inherent in the instrument.

When the sons of the prophets were eating poisoned pottage unawares, one, when he began to feel the effects of the poison cries out to Elisha: “Oh thou man of God, there is death in the pot;” i. e. we shall be killed by death in the pot.

The application of this to our present subject is easy and perfectly apposite. As an in-

strument of killing, death or a deadly poison is an inherent element of alcohol.

"And by the beasts of the earth."

Such beasts are symbols of savage ferocity. With remorseless indifference, they rend, kill and devour. They know no repect or sympathy. The aged, the young, the strong man, the feeble delicate female, childhood and helpless infancy are alike to them. They hide, they crouch, they disguise, they allure to slay and devour.

These symbolize the rum-seller.

The hungry lion or tiger does not rend, kill and devour its prey with more remorseless indifference, with less sympathy for its bleeding, dying victim, than the rum-seller, as he plies his business of devastation and ruin. It matters not to him what the consequences may be personally to the victim of his insatiable greed for gain, or what may be the consequences to his suffering family. It makes no difference how earnestly wife and children may plead to give no more drink, he will let him have the poison just as long as he has a dime to pay for it.

John B. Gough relates the following which occurred in Massachusetts:

"A poor old lady, formerly living in affluence, had a husband and two sons who became intemperate. One morning a son was found

dead with his head in a pool of water, into which he had fallen while intoxicated. In view of this terrible affliction, she wrote a petition to her neighbor, the rum-seller, entreating him to give her husband and remaining son no more liquor. Such a petition coming from the wife and mother, under such circumstances, one would think might have melted a heart of adamant. But it did not melt the rum-seller's heart. He took the petition, read it, deliberately cut it into tapers and put them in a tumbler, and when the father and son came into the bar room, he would give them cigars and those tapers to light them. This he continued until they were all consumed, and then boasted that he had made the father and son burn up the pious petition of the old woman."

"And I looked and beheld a Pale Horse and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 22, 1892, AT SEMI-CENTENNIAL JUBILEE OF THE DAVENPORT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, AT CLINTON, IOWA.

"In this historical address we wish to illustrate Bible lessons to the praise and glory of God. Such lessons as are found in Josh. 1: 6-7: "Be strong and of good courage. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do all the law which Moses, My servant, commanded thee. Turn not from it, to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest."

Also, Isa. 6: 8-9: "I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send and who will go for Us? Then said I, here am I; send me. And He said, Go."

Also, Mark 16: 15: "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Also, Ps. 37: 3: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shall dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

Dwell in the land.

Our Iowa is indeed a beautiful land. A goodly land. A land desirable to dwell in. We do not wonder the Indians, when the time came to take a final leave of this beautiful land and move on towards the setting sun, wept like children.

The first, or Black Hawk purchase, made in 1832, taking effect June, 1833, embraced a strip fifty miles wide west of the Mississippi river, extending from the state of Missouri on the south to the neutral ground on the north, containing about six million acres.

The second purchase, made in 1837, taking effect February, 1838, was a strip west of the first and supposed to contain 1,250,000 acres.

The balance of Iowa was opened for settlement in May, 1843. In one year from the time the first or Black Hawk purchase took effect, the first Baptist Church in Iowa was organized nine or ten miles west of Burlington, and called the Long Creek (now Danville) Baptist Church. The six Iowa Churches composing the Davenport Association were

all organized while Van Buren, Jefferson, Washington, Johnson, Linn, Buchanan, Fayette and Clayton counties were the western boundary of civilization, and the eastern boundary of a vast territory extending to the British possessions on the north and the Pacific on the west, and in the sole possession of Indians and wild beasts. At that time the nearest railroad to Iowa had not reached as far west as the city of Buffalo, and Chicago was a country village in a western slough, or mud hole. And at that time the impression was general that in consequence of the scarcity of fuel and fencing material, and so far from water communication, the great prairies of Illinois and Iowa would never be settled.

The contrast between then and now came most impressively a few weeks ago as we sped on a Burlington train through the luxuriant grain fields of Iowa and Nebraska, and as we rushed along, drawn by great mogul engines, scaling the snowy heights and plunging through the dark and awful granite canons of Colorado, and as we walked the streets of their growing and prosperous cities and towns, and as we considered that like conditions continue for many hundred miles to the Pacific ocean.

The first Baptist Church west of the Mis-

sissippi river, north of Missouri, was organized in a little log cabin nine miles west of the city of Burlington. This interesting event took place June 20, 1834, and consisted of eleven members, four brethren and seven sisters, namely, Enoch Cyrus, Frank Cyrus, Rebecca Cyrus, Anna Cyrus, Rachel Dickens, Mary Ann Dickens, Noble Housely, Naomi Housely, William Manly, Hepzibah Manly and Jane Lamb. Elders John Logan and Gardner Bassett, of Illinois, were present to encourage and assist in the organization of the church. It was called the Long Creek Church.

Four or five years after, close by this same cabin on the prairie lawn, the first Association west of the Mississippi river was organized, called Des Moines Association. In October, 1889, on a bright autumn day, as though God smiled upon the scene, a large concourse of people gathered around the remains of the little cabin to appropriately observe memorial services of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the Church, and the fiftieth of the Association. How intensely interesting the thought and imaginations that crowded upon the mind and solemnly and joyfully oppressed our hearts, as we looked upon the remains of that cabin and thought of the happy meeting more than fifty-four years before—of the songs of praise,

"All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," and the sermon by Elder Logan and the prayer by Elder Bassett that God would be to the dear little Church in the wilderness "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," to lead and protect. That church, now Danville, yet lives, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

We will give a brief history of the organization of the seven Churches composing the Baptist Association, organized in Davenport, September 16, 1842. The second west of the Mississippi river, north of Missouri.

We will begin with LeClaire, as this was the first Baptist Church organized west of the Mississippi and north of Des Moines county. Early in 1839, Elder Rodolphus Weston, of Carthage, Hancock county, Illinois, made a missionary tour up the Mississippi as far north as Scott county, Iowa, preaching the precious gospel to the settlers. In the upper part of Scott county he stopped a number of days to preach and visit the people. The result was the organization of a Church of six members, viz: Joseph Turner and Tacy, his wife, living a mile west of where LeClaire now stands. William Palmer and Amanda, his wife, living in the Wapsy Bottom, ten miles north of brother Turner's, and William Rowe and Mary, his wife, living in a log cabin on

the banks of the Mississippi, midway between the two extremes. The little Church was organized in brother Rowe's house June 10, 1839, and this was the place of meeting for several years. As brother Palmer and wife, and brother Rowe and wife emigrated from Bath, Steuben county, New York; in grateful remembrance of the dear old home they called it the Bath Baptist Church. This name was retained until April, 1844, when it was changed to LeClaire. Brother Palmer brought with him from New York a favorite family horse, very old, but true and faithful. The old horse's name was "Doc." People living on the road between brother Palmer's and brother Rowe's always knew when there was a meeting of the Church, for they were sure to see sister Palmer riding old "Doc" and brother Palmer walking by her side. Elder Weston was invited to become pastor; accepted and returned to Carthage to arrange family matters. He was taken sick, hovering between life and death for weeks. His cherished plans and purposes had to be given up, and he never returned. The Church kept up Covenant meetings and had preaching occasionally. Two months after the Church was organized, Daniel C. Davidson, living on Crow Creek, a few miles above Davenport, united by letter. Ten months later

Polly McKinster joined by letter. Nearly two years later Robert Hilton and Orleans Blanchard, living in Illinois back of Port Byron, joined by letter. At the time the Davenport Association was formed, it reported a membership of eleven. One of the constituent members, brother Rowe, had died.

The first revival and the first additions by baptism occurred in the fall of 1843, under the labors of Elder Jessie N. Seely. Twenty-two were added by baptism and eight by letter. From this time for years it enjoyed a good measure of prosperity until the Zion Church was organized a few miles back of LeClaire, depriving it of most of its rural field and membership, and left it little but the fluctuating population of the village.

May God in His mercy send prosperity and save it from extinction.

Davenport—This is the next church in the date of its organization, September 14, 1839, consisting of eleven members. Elder Calvin Greenleaf, of Griggsville, Illinois, was commissioned in the spring of 1839 by the Home Missionary Society to labor in Davenport. He commenced in June and remained but two months. Elder Titus Gillett, of Rock Island, held occasional preaching services in the place, and probably it was due to his labors the Church was constituted. For several months it had the services of Oliver Emerson, a young

man from Ohio, but declined to ordain him as his views on the subject of the Lord's supper did not accord with the Baptists, and he became a Congregationalist.

In June, 1841, Elder Ezra Fisher was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society to labor in Davenport and Bloomington (Muscatine). Before the close of the first year he dropped the Davenport part of his field and devoted his time to Muscatine and other places.

November, 1842, Elder Charles E. Brown became joint pastor of the Davenport and Rock Island Churches. In the following February revival meetings were held, assisted by Elder T. Powell, in the Old Court House in Rock Island. As there was easy communication between the two places by a safe ice bridge on the Mississippi river, during that long, cold winter Davenport shared largely in the good work, receiving eighteen by baptism, and fifteen by letter. Rock Island received twenty by baptism and five by letter.

During the following summer, 1843, Elder Brown made several missionary tours up the Mississippi on both sides as far as Lyons and Fulton; organized a Church at Camanche, and one at Port Byron, and baptized in both places. These early Churches had the true missionary spirit and said to their pastors,

"Go, preach to the destitute in regions beyond."

Dubuque—This is the next Church, organized August 9, 1840, with eleven members. During the following winter it had preaching a part of the time by Elder Warren B. Morey, of the Home Missionary Society at Galena, Illinois. Elder Burton Carpenter became pastor in the spring of 1841. During his pastorate of three years, eleven were received by baptism and eighteen by letter, and a place of worship, yes, a meeting house, about twenty by thirty, was built. Elder Edward S. Byron succeeded Elder Carpenter in September, 1844.

Iowa City—This Church was organized by Elders W. B. Morey and B. Carpenter, June 26, 1841, consisting of eleven members. The joyful occasion was rendered more so by the baptism of two rejoicing candidates in the beautiful Iowa river, Elder Morey officiating. There was joy in that city. Elder Morey was the first pastor. After the first year his field was enlarged by the Home Missionary Society to take in Iowa City, Marion, in Linn county, and the Cedar river country. The first marked religious interest in the Iowa City Church occurred under the pastorate of Elder Dexter P. Smith, during the winter of 1845-6.

Nine were added by baptism and eight by letter.

Muscatine—This Church was organized by Elder Ezra Fisher, October 30, 1841, consisting of six members, viz: Stephen Hedly, Albert Beaty, Julia C. Dewibber, Margaret Musgraves, Betsy Ingals and Nancy Bear. During the first year of its existence four were added by baptism and fourteen by letter. Elder Fisher was the first pastor and left in 1844, going to Oregon in 1845.

Rock Island, Illinois—This Church was organized June 6, 1837, by Elder Titus Gillett, who was its first pastor. In November, 1842, the Church called Elder C. E. Brown to preach the following winter and in May “called Elder Brown to be co-pastor with Elder Gillett, the two to receive such compensation as the individual circumstances of the members would allow.”

Forks of the Maquoketa—On the 26th of May, 1842, under appointment from the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, on a salary of one hundred dollars, the payment of which was made conditional that the balance of the missionary’s support was obtained upon the field of his labor, Elder Brown came to this place.

At this time the Home Missionary Society was in its infancy and had but little money

for its constantly growing work. During its fiscal and missionary year of 1842 and '43, the receipts of the Society from all sources amounted to only \$11,806.51, with eighty-five missionaries in the field, receiving from the Society an average of about \$131.00 each, and obtaining the balance—whatever that might mean—from their respective fields of labor. We distinctly remember that the balance contained very little cash. With no intention of making invidious comparisons, we think there was more of the aggressive missionary spirit then, than now. We will compare the fiscal and missionary year of 1842-43 with that of 1881-82, the fiftieth year of the Society work. Then, cash receipts were \$11,806.51; now, \$311,918.38. Then, eighty-five missionaries in the field; now, five hundred and twelve. Results: Then, the eighty-five missionaries organized fifty new churches in one year; now, five hundred and twelve missionaries organized only seventy-five new churches in one year. Then, eighty-five missionaries in one year baptized one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine, or over seventeen each; now, five hundred and twelve missionaries baptize in one year one thousand six hundred and seventy-five, or less than four each.

Two of the six Iowa Churches composing the Davenport Association commenced with

six members each—LeClaire and Muscatine.

Three—Davenport, Dubuque and Iowa City, commenced with eleven each.

One—Maquoketa, with fourteen.

All now prospering except LeClaire.

A Church now with a good house of worship and plenty of perishing souls around, reduced to a membership of six or eleven, or twenty-five or thirty, gives up and says "We can't" and dies.

What makes the difference?

In the former case there was courage, purpose, and an unfailing expectation to live and prosper.

In the latter courage is gone, purpose is gone, but an all-prevailing expectation to die is ever present.

Next. What is the Bible missionary spirit embodied in the commission "Go ye into all the world, etc., etc.?" Paul was converted completely into this spirit, for when it pleased God, who called him by His Grace, to reveal His son in me, Gal. 1:15-16, he says: "That I might preach Him among the heathen, immediately, I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem, but I went to Arabia."

A vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man saying: "Come over into Macedonia, and help us, and immediately we

endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them. Therefore, loosing from Troas we came with a straight course to Samothracia * * * and so on to Philippi, the chief city in that part of Macedonia." In another place Paul says of himself, "as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing yet possessing all things," etc. Now, as Paul declares that he was poor and had nothing he must have gone forth accepting to the fullest extent the divine assurance, "Trust in the Lord and do good and verily thou shalt be fed," and, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

If we understand the Bible Missionary spirit, the question as to salary cuts no figure whatever in making the decision "Assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them."

For want of this Apostolic Missionary spirit hundreds of these reduced churches have died and hundreds more must die. For it is very certain these feeble churches cannot pay the salaries now demanded, and this is the principal reason for losing hope and courage. This precious divine promise was intended to meet this perplexing salary business: "Trust in the Lord and do good and thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

We believe in the providence of God and that the gold and the silver and the cattle upon a thousand hills are His and at His control, and upon this grand truth is based this most precious promise. The promise does not release even the poorest of Christians from the binding obligation of the divine command, "To give as the Lord hath prospered." The poor widow's mites must be given?

Our great Captain says, "Go ye into all the world," etc.

The Bible plan is given in Isaiah. The Lord said: "Whom shall we send and who will go for us?" God calls for volunteers. The response comes promptly, "Here am I; send me," The Lord says "Go." The salary question is settled by "Trust in the Lord." One reason the Methodists are more successful than any other denomination in a new country is because they are on the Bible plan in saying to their preachers, "Go."

In the month of June, 1842, at Iowa City, the Iowa Baptist State Convention was organized. Delegates from churches north of the Iowa river held an informal meeting to consider the subject of organizing a new association, and fixed upon Davenport as the place and the 16th of the following September as the time for carrying out the above purpose.

In pursuance of the above appointment, delegates from the following churches were present:

Bath, (LeClaire)—William Palmer, Benjamin F. Pike and Orleans Blanchard.

Bloomington, (Muscatine)—Elder Ezra Fisher, pastor, Moses Perrin and W. T. Dewibber.

Davenport—Hiram Brown, C. C. Blood, J. M. Eldredge.

Dubuque—Elder Burton Carpenter, pastor, and Benjamin Rupert.

Iowa City—Elder Warren B. Morey, pastor, and A. Denison.

Forks of the Maquoketa—Elder C. E. Brown, pastor.

Rock Island, Ill.—Elder Titus Gillett, pastor, E. F. Calkins and Nelson J. Swartwout.

This embraced all the churches north of the Iowa river, except the first, Delaware, in Delaware, county, Elder Ira Blanchard, pastor.

Elder Carpenter was chosen moderator, Elder Fisher, clerk, and Elder Brown preached the sermon. Elder Brown is the only one of these delegates now living.

In fixing the time for the annual meeting of the Association two important considerations had to be met. 1st. To avoid the sickly season in autumn. 2nd. To have it at the time

of wild fruits, fresh vegetables and fat chickens. But as all these, sickness, fat chickens and fresh vegetables, came at the same time of the year, of the two evils we concluded to take the least, and have the chickens and take our chances with the ague, and fixed on Friday before the third Sabbath in September, and hold the meeting over the Sabbath.

This time remained until wise men came from the East and changed it, to the great detriment of the spiritual and devotional parts of the meeting.

The first annual meeting of the Association was held in Dubuque, commencing Friday, the 15th day of September, 1842. Elder W. B. Morey preached the introductory sermon, George S. Hampton was chosen moderator, and Joseph T. Fales, clerk.

Although the delegates had to travel from sixty to ninety miles by wagon, a good representation was present. At this session six new churches were received into the Association, viz: Fulton and Lyons, Elder E. Marcellus, pastor, and H. Root, delegates; two added by baptism, twelve by letter; present membership twelve.

Camanche—No pastor; John Welsh, delegate; eight added by baptism; whole number twelve. These eight were baptised at the

time the church was organized, probably June, 1843, by Elder C. E. Brown.

Port Byron, Ill.—Daniel Wilson, delegate; four added by baptism, baptised at the time the church was organized, June or July, 1843, by Elder C. E. Brown. Whole number twenty.

Marion—Organized by Elder W. B. Morey in the summer of 1843; three added by baptism, five by letter; whole number thirty-four. Letter but no delegates.

Cedar River, (on the Cedar river below where Cedar Rapids now stands)—Organized by Elder Morey in the summer of 1843; five added by baptism; whole number seventeen; Robert R. Rogers and Thomas Fitz, delegates.

Galena, Ill.—Elder Joel Wheeler, pastor, John T. Templeton and John H. Champlin, delegates; one added by baptism, ten by letter: whole number thirty-four.

The statistical aggregate was reported by the churches as follows: Sixty-five added by baptism, sixty-four by letter, twenty-six dismissed by letter, three dropped, one died; whole number two hundred and ninety-six.

In connection with the minutes was printed an article by Elder Jacob Knapp on communion. All done for \$11.00.

On Sunday Elder Brown preached a missionary sermon, after which a collection was taken up, amounting to \$8.00.

The following memorandum was added to the minutes by the clerk: "Great harmony and good feeling prevailed through all the deliberations and the brethren evinced a determination to go forward in the cause of Christ with renewed zeal."

Before closing this address I wish to speak briefly of the organization of the Camanche Baptist Church. In the month of June, 1843, a man called at my house in Davenport with a halter tied about his shoulders. He said he was hunting stray horses and also wished to get a Baptist minister to come to Camanche and baptize himself and wife and his brother and several others who had become Christians in a revival there. The man's name was John Welch. Camanche is some thirty-five miles above Davenport on the Iowa side of the Mississippi river. I told Brother Welch I would be at Camanche the second Sunday thereafter to preach, organize a Church and baptize. I found there had been no preaching in the place. But a Baptist family living three miles north of Camanche by the name of Thomas, and another by the name of Root, living back of Albany, in Illinois, and others had held religious meetings in the place and the revival was the result. I organized a Church and baptized eight, and there was joy in Camanche.

Although I was pastor of the Davenport and

Rock Island Churches, I looked after the welfare of the new interest at Camanche. The last person I baptized into the Church was a young woman, in June, 1844, by the name of Clayburn. Her home was near Brother Thomas, three miles north of Camanche. 1844 was a season of high water. For weeks the Mississippi was booming and by reason of a slough extending from the river above around some distance back and emptying below the town, Camanche was on an island that summer. Miss Clayburn's purpose to be baptized and join the Baptist Church met with the most decided opposition at home. But when the time came, with the courage and determination of a martyr, she took a bundle of clothes for the necessary change and started on foot for Camanche, and when she came to the slough, which was neither narrow nor shallow, she held the bundle on her head with one hand and went through, and was cordially and lovingly received and baptized. A few years ago she died in Oakland, California, a faithful follower of Christ.

I love to think of those early days in Iowa. I love to cherish the memory of those dear brethren and sisters, who, amid discouragement, sowed the good seed in Camanche which has not failed to the present time to bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXTRACTS FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV.
PHILLIP PERRY BROWN, WITH BRIEF
SKETCHES OF HIS CHILDREN.

I was born in Bennington, Vermont, September 17, 1790. My father's name was Nathaniel. He was born in Leicester, Wooster county, Massachusetts, November 5, 1767, and died near White's Corners, in the town of Hamburg, Erie county, New York, October 1, 1854.

My mother's maiden name was Anna Perry. She was born in Lebanon, New London county, Connecticut, April 16, 1770, and died in Augusta, Oneida county, New York, March 20, 1826. Her remains lie in the burying ground near the stone school house on the "Mile Strip," in the present town of Stockbridge.

I was the second of eight children, five sons

and three daughters, of whom only two, besides myself are living.

My paternal grandfather was Parley Brown. At the outbreaking of the Revolutionary war, he was among the first to volunteer—and with a brother entered the American army. Both were in the battle of Bunker Hill. When our forces were compelled to retire, his brother having been wounded and unable to walk, my grandfather bore him on his back in safety from the field. Both were large, strong, muscular men, weighing nearly two hundred pounds each.

I do not know whether he took part in any subsequent engagement, until the battle of White Plains, in which he was killed, October 28, 1776.

My maternal grandfather, Phillip Perry, from whom I was named, served as a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. He owned a small farm in Arlington, Vermont, and in the summer of 1777 obtained leave of absence and returned home to secure his crops. His nearest neighbor was a *Tory*, Hazard Wilcox, who became odious from a well grounded suspicion that he held secret communication with the enemy. Between him and Lieutenant Perry, however, no differences had been suffered to disturb their mutual friendship.

During the season they "changed work," assisting each other in harvesting.

Thus they spent a day in mowing for Lieutenant Perry. Sometime the following night a number of neighbors came to the house, and calling Lieutenant Perry, asked assistance in the apprehension of Wilcox. Lieutenant Perry declined, alleging the neighborly friendship between himself and Wilcox, and urged that others make the arrest. They, however, insisted that he go with them, and knowing Wilcox ought to be confined where he could no longer harm the American cause, by intercourse with the foe, Lieutenant Perry yielded reluctantly to their request. Wilcox had been by some means warned, and with a bludgeon in hand met the party at the door, declaring that he would kill the first man who set foot upon the door-step. Lieut. Perry stepped forward with the remark, "I do not wish to harm you," when Wilcox felled him with a blow across the chest. He was carried into the house, Wilcox assisting, cared for as well as possible, and soon revived to consciousness, seeing which, Wilcox rejoiced, declaring he would not have struck Lieutenant Perry had he not been enraged. Lieutenant Perry recovered sufficiently to walk two or three times across the room, when he suddenly stopped, and with the words "I am a dead man," fell

lifeless to the floor. In the confusion Wilcox escaped and fled to the British lines.

A few days afterwards Mrs. Wilcox paid Mrs. Perry a friendly visit. For nearly an hour both wept in silence, until at length the visitor left without a word having been spoken, by reason of their mutual sorrow. Wilcox afterwards sent for his family, but the neighbors interfered and detained them. At length he came for them by night, and his neighbors having knowledge of his coming, armed and met him and at a given signal, fired, and Wilcox paid with his life the penalty for his offense.

Lieutenant Perry left two daughters, the eldest of whom was my mother. A few months after, a third was added. His widow afterwards married a Mr. Blair, of Bennington, Vermont, who having died, she subsequently married a Mr. Duell, of Cambridge, Washington county, New York, from which place they removed to Shaftesbury, Vermont, where she died.

This is as far back as I am now able to trace my ancestry.

When I was quite young my parents moved from Bennington to Whitestown, now West Moreland, Oneida county, New York. Here, my father purchased a tract of wild land, on which the village of Clark's Mills now stands.

That section of country was then new, but being rapidly settled. About a month after their arrival, an incident occurred of which, on account of the alarm it caused us, I still retain a distinct recollection.

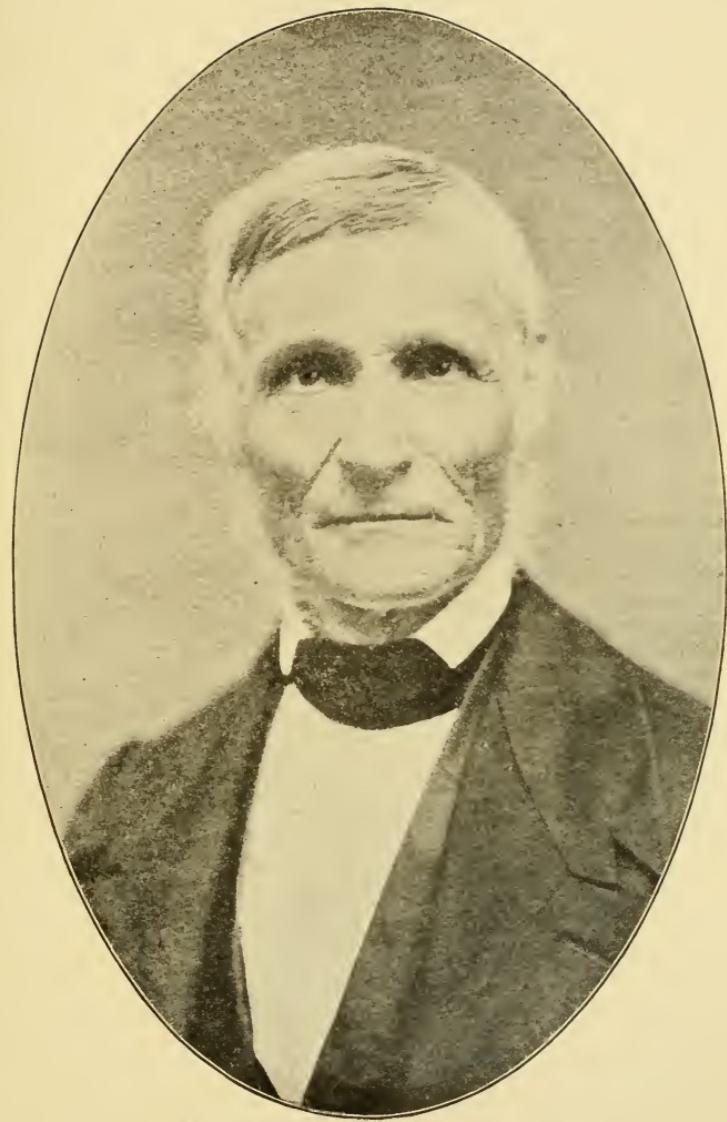
The house occupied by my father stood near the Oriskany creek. A little east of the house was a road through the woods in a south-easterly direction, on which about one hundred rods from my father's lived a Mr. Simeon Fillmore, an uncle of President Millard Fillmore. From Fillmore's, one road ran south to Clinton, and another, through a large marsh, to intersect the first named road, half a mile east of father's. Near this point resided a family named Barker. A few rods west of father's across the Oriskany, lived a Mr. Stillman. The triangular space within these three roads was a dense forest.

One evening in April, our family were alarmed by a strange noise, loud and shrill, a wailing cry, kept up at intervals, apparently proceeding from the swamp. It was evidently the cry of a man in distress, or the decoy of a hungry panther. The woods were then full of Indians and wild beasts. After listening for some time, father went to Mr. Stillman's and persuaded his son to accompany him on the hazardous enterprise of ascertaining the cause of the outcry.

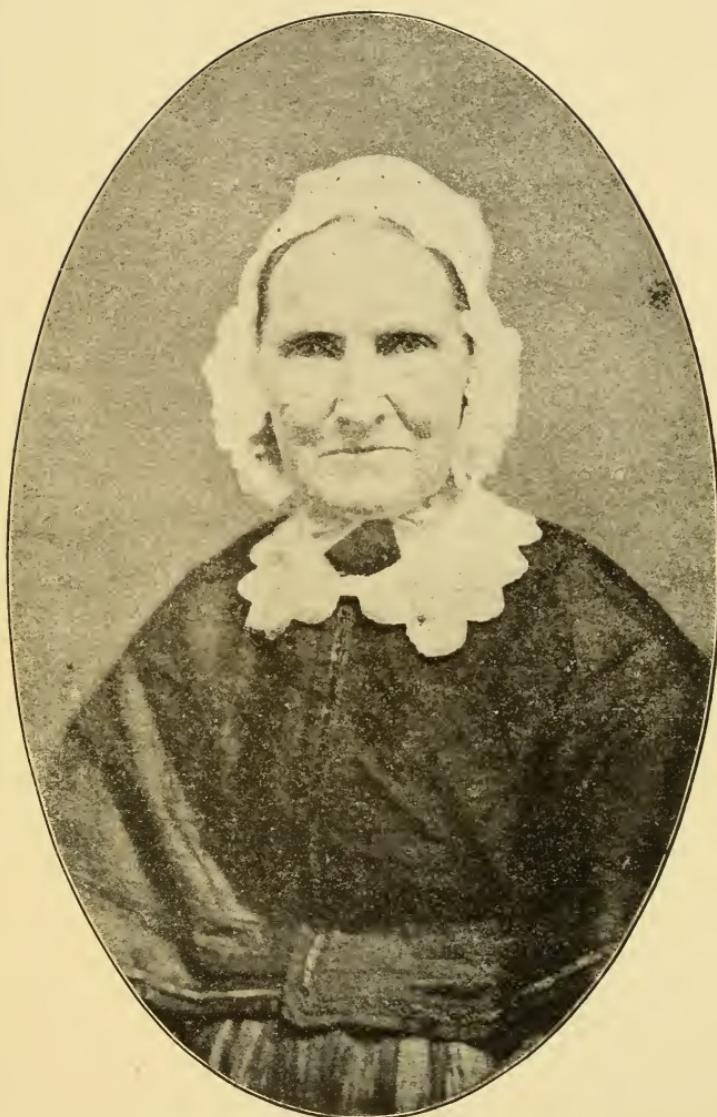
The night was very dark. One carried a lantern and the other an axe, the only weapon in their possession. They proceeded to Fillmore's who with his family had fastened their house and retired for the night. They had heard the cry and being unable to determine whether it proceeded from civilized man, savage, or wild beast, were greatly alarmed. Fillmore refused to accompany them or even to open his door long enough for them to enter his house.

The cry continued and my father and Stillman proceeded alone. When within about twenty rods of the place from which the noise came, they stopped and called. The cry ceased, but they got no response. Standing in anxious silence till it was repeated, they advanced and once more called. Again it ceased; and again they stood till it was resumed; then cautiously proceeding, by the dim light of their lantern, they described a man lying in a pool of water. It was he who had made the night hideous with his outcries. On speaking to him, he became quiet, but made no reply. He was too drunk to extricate himself; and but for the timely assistance rendered, must have perished in the long, cold night. They took him to Mr. Barker's, where he was kindly cared for.

During this transaction, my mother was left



REV. PHILLIP PERRY BROWN.



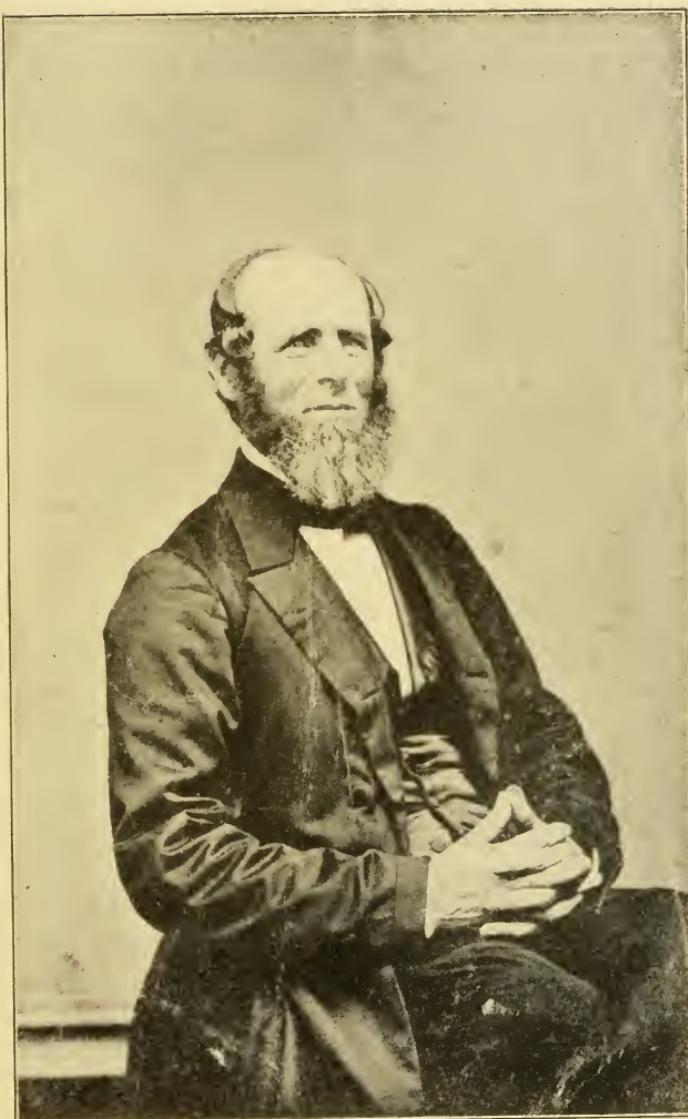
BETSY DICKEY.
MRS. PHILLIP PERRY BROWN



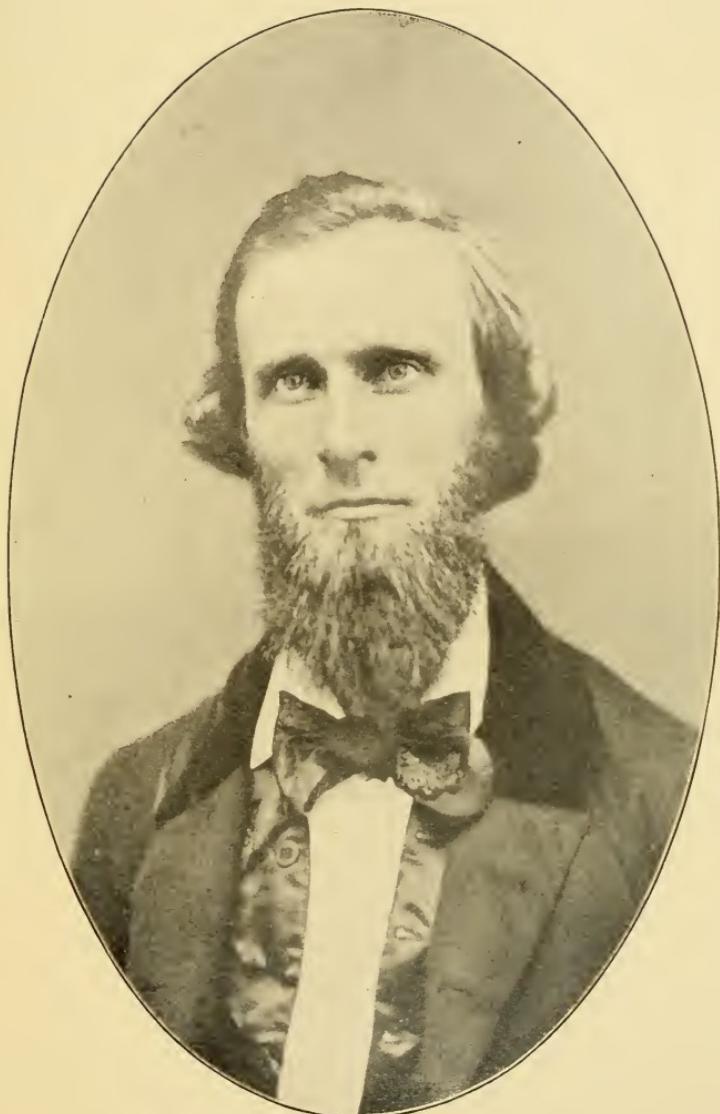
A. J. BROWN



WILBUR M. BROWN



REV. WILLIAM BROWN



PHILLIP PERRY BROWN, JR.

Colonel 157th New York Infantry, and of 7th Regt. Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps. Brevt. Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers 1862-1865.

alone with two small children. I still recollect that I felt safe when I could hide my face under my mother's apron.

My father lived in this vicinity until the spring of 1804, when he removed to the town of Augusta where he purchased a tract of wild land, about half a mile east of the present site of the "Mile Strip School House," the place now owned and occupied by a Mr. Powers. Then in my fourteenth year, I assisted in clearing the land, for cultivation.

My education, commenced at Whitestown, was continued in our new home and was confined to the common school, in which reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic were taught. Although I subsequently acquired the habit of speaking extemporaneously with considerable grammatical accuracy, I never studied grammar, until the last winter of my attendance, at which time it was introduced into the public schools.

Until their removal to Augusta, my parents trained their children to a strict observance of the Sabbath; and so far as possible, to attendance on public worship. Both were of good moral principles; though neither professed religion. My mother, however, was religiously inclined. Shortly after my conversion, she also obtained hope. We were

baptized on the same day and at the same place.

On September 27th, 1809, I married Miss Betsy Dickey who was also a resident of Augusta.

In 1813 I removed to Smithfield, near Siloam, and for three years was engaged with a partner (Daniel Dickey, Esq., my brother-in-law,) in supplying sand for two glass factories near Peterboro, furnishing three thousand bushels per year washed and delivered ready for use.

We procured the sand from Stockbridge valley. While in this occupation the battle of Oswego occurred. That was before the age of steam and telegraph; and we knew nothing of the engagement until several days afterwards. But while shoveling sand one day, we heard a noise resembling distant thunder. The sky was cloudless and we suspected it to be the roar of cannon far away. To satisfy ourselves we drove a wooden stake into the ground; and on applying the ear to it, readily recognized the report of distant artillery. For a time the discharges were very rapid; but at length gradually became less frequent. We thought it was the thunder of battle, and several days afterward learned that the battle of Oswego occurred on the very day and hour that we heard the reports, May 6, 1814. We

were distant from Oswego about fifty-five miles. In October, 1814, when great alarm was felt for the safety of Sackets Harbor, and large numbers of the Militia were called out to assist in its defense, I with many of my neighbors was summoned, and answered the call. I was soon taken sick, however, and as the only means of saving my life, was permitted by General Cleveland to return home.

Having been brought up a farmer, on the fulfillment of the sand contract referred to, I resumed that pursuit in the vicinity of my new home, and continued it several years.

In the summer of 1811, at a time when there was no special religious awakening my mind became much affected and very tender in view of my hopeless condition as a sinner. What circumstances or human instrumentality led to this solicitude I do not now remember. I felt a strong conviction that the appointed time had come to carry out my long cherished intention to seek Christ and secure the salvation of my soul.

At the age of twenty-one I found hope in the mercy of the Saviour. I had always from my childhood intended to become a Christian, whenever I should find what I might esteem a favorable time.

The exceeding preciousness of the gospel and the nearness of God inflamed my soul with

a holy love. Hence arose my impression of duty to publish the gospel to my fellow men. The love of Christ constrained me.

On the 29th of September, 1811, I was baptized by Elder Salmon Morton into the fellowship of the Baptist Church in Madison. My mother and Mrs. Polly Howard (wife of Charles Howard) were baptized on the same occasion. I had not yet disclosed to any person my conviction of duty to enter the ministry. After my removal to Smithfield I lived a number of years in a state of religious torpidity, "cold," backward, "in the dark," and in general neglect of religious duties. Occasionally, however, a few rays of divine light and comfort would be shed abroad in my soul. At such times my mind would be deeply exercised with a sense of duty to preach the gospel to my fellow men. Always refusing to comply with this conviction of duty, religious gloom and depression would invariably succeed.

I sought pardon and peace in vain. I promised the Lord, that if he would restore to me the light of his countenance, I would no longer refuse, if it were His will that I should preach. In response the conviction became fastened on my mind and remained constantly there, that I had departed from my duty without leave, and it was good enough for me to return

without help. One evening on my way home from meeting, while reflecting on my spiritual state, I resolved in my heart that without waiting longer I would commence preaching at the first opportunity which should occur. The duty was so plain to my mind, and I had already neglected it so long with the vain hope of recovering lost graces before making the attempt, I would delay no longer, but casting myself on God, would do his bidding to the best of my ability. No sooner was this resolution fairly formed than my spiritual darkness was dissipated and my soul once more became unclouded and joyful. With submission I had recovered the long sought light and peace. My wife had already been converted in a revival, and on the following Sabbath, February 27, 1820, was baptized by Elder Dyer D. Ransom. In the evening of the same day, a conference meeting was held at the house of Mr. Parkhurst in Siloam. Before it commenced, Deacon Sloan took me aside, told me that he was convinced that it was my duty to preach, and urged me to make trial of my gift that evening. I dared not refuse, though it was with great reluctance and trembling that I consented. The house was crowded. After a few explanatory remarks by Deacon Sloan, I read my text "I also will show mine

opinion," Job 32: 10, and preached as well as I could.

Elder Ransom was then engaged as pastor of the Church, to preach to them every other Sabbath for one year. The Church subsequently approved my gift, and still later voted me a letter of license to preach the gospel wherever an opportunity occurred, at the same time inviting me to preach to them on such Sabbaths as Elder Ransom was not with them, to which I acceeded. On the expiration of Elder Ransom's term of service, I was chosen his successor, to preach every Sabbath. I continued to labor here for more than eight years. My salary, on paper, ranged from \$35.00 to \$75.00 per annum; but I never in any one year received more than \$10.00 in money.

Of late years my wife has frequently stated that for one year's service all I received was a quarter of mutton; but this, if a fact, has long since passed from recollection.

So much of the balance as was ever paid was rendered in produce.

At the commencement of my labors with this Church, my family consisted of four children, which number was increased to seven before I left. These I was compelled to support mainly by manual labor. To do this, required my utmost exertions through the week, leav-

ing but little time for study or pastoral duties. While at work I would think over the substance of my sermons for the following Sabbath; and at evening, frequently by the light of a pine knot torch, would engage in the study of the Scriptures.

In the autumn of 1821 I received ordination. The Council was large for those times, and consisted of eight ministers, and delegates from seven Churches. The ministers in attendance were: Nathaniel Cole, Moderator; Frederick Freeman, Clerk; Obed Warren, Dyer D. Ransom, Calvin Phillio, Randolph Streeter, Nathaniel Otis and Nathan Peck. The last named subsequently fell from the ministry. The Council convened October 17, at the house of Amos Bridge. After the usual manner I related my Christian experience, my spiritual exercises in reference to preaching the gospel, and my views of Scripture doctrine. About an hour after Council had retired for a private session, the Moderator came to me with a request that I would preach before the Council; adding that one member of it, Elder Phillio, declined to acquiesce in my ordination unless he could first hear me. This was soon after the "School of the Prophets," now Madison University, had been instituted at Hamilton; and Elder Phillio was an earnest advocate of Ministerial Educa-

tion. His objections to my ordination were said to arise from his fears that I, having but a common school education, might be too illiterate to preach. Most of the Council had already heard me preach, but he had not. The Moderator and other friends advised me to comply with the request and make the attempt at once. I consented. They granted me fifteen minutes in which to prepare. I walked in meditation into a field as far as I could go in half the time, and then returned. The house was full of people. I announced for my text the words of the Saviour, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." Luke 10: 3. The announcement of the text called a smile to the countenance of many of the audience, especially of the ministers present. I spoke: First. Of the helplessness of the ministry, "as lambs." Second. Their dangers; "among wolves;" arising, first, from foes without the fold; and second, from false brethren within the fold. Third. The encouragement received from the Great Shepherd. This subject arose entirely new in my mind after I had consented to preach. The Council afterwards unanimously agreed to proceed to ordination. The services were held on the following day in the meeting house at Siloam, then in an unfinished condition; Elder Nathaniel Cole preached from the words

"Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." I Cor. 4: 1.

A few weeks after, I chanced to meet Elder Phillio at a Ministerial Conference in Fenner. After I had preached there also, he remarked to me, "Well, brother Brown, I think you will be able to preach, Let me give you a word of advice. Never attempt to say all you can on any subject at any one time; and when you get through, always stop." These hints were beneficial to me in subsequent years; and might be observed with benefit by some in the ministry at the present day.

Not long afterwards the meeting house at Siloam was completed. It consisted only of an audience room without vestibule or galleries, thirty by forty feet, closely seated; and during my continuance as pastor there, was generally well filled with hearers on the Sabbath.

I had no theological instructor, no library save a Bible, a Watt's Hymn Book, and a pocket edition of Brown's Concordance. With these simple aids I spent the next two years in studying the Scriptures and committing them to memory. In doing this, I so far neglected secular pursuits that, with my very inadequate salary, I expended nearly all my personal property, including my only cow and a

span of horses, in the support of my family.

At length I was aroused as from an enchantment, to a sense of the condition of my family, and hired myself to one of the deacons of the Church, to assist in carpenter work, for seventy-five cents per day. I labored for him thirty days, in which time I mastered the rudiments of the trade sufficiently to commence the business as a workman. While I remained here, about six years, I labored at this trade through the summer seasons, building barns, houses and mills. Three winters I took charge of a saw mill; the other winters I chopped and drew wood to market, boiled potash, etc., preaching every Sabbath. My labors were very severe; I had no rest except occasionally on a stormy day. Sabbaths were the most laborious and fatiguing of all.

During my stay with these people I attended many funerals to which I frequently traveled five or six miles on foot, sometimes going directly from my work, and returning to it again the same day. As these services were never rewarded, they only increased my pecuniary embarrassments.

During this pastorate the Church and community were blest with only one general revival of religion. I preserved no record of my labors or their results while there, and can now give but few items from memory. Dur-

ing the six years that I remained after I was ordained the pastor, I baptized sixty or more persons. Universalism and drunkenness prevailed there to a great extent, making the field peculiarly hard for spiritual culture, and rendering my labors almost as barren of moral as of financial fruits.

My third son, William, was converted and baptized at the age of ten years. He subsequently entered the ministry, in which his labors have been crowned with many blessings and tokens of the Master's approval.

Early in 1831 I took him to the Literary and Theological Institution at Hamilton, to be educated for the ministry, and, as was supposed for the work of a foreign missionary. He was my only child then converted. Deacon Olmsted adopted him into his family as a beneficiary and protege during his educational course. To give him up caused me a severe struggle. When I had taken him there, and was returning home, my mind was so deeply absorbed in reflection on the subject, as to be almost wholly insensible to everything else. I earnestly longed and prayed that God would give me another of my children born anew into the kingdom of grace, to take his place. To the praise of the riches of His grace, I have to record that within six months he gave me

three, and still others before I removed from the town.

The revival spirit at no time forsook us, conversions being frequent; and about 1833, another considerable revival occurred. During the first five years of this pastorate, I baptized one hundred and twenty-six, most of whom had been converted under my ministry.

During this pastorate of seven years, and the five years next following, besides discharging my pastoral duties I labored in seventy or eighty protracted meetings. In these meetings my labors extended from Albany to Cayuga Lake, and from the northern boundary of Oneida county to central Pennsylvania.

The youngest person converted, of whom I had any knowledge was my son Perry, then in his eighth year. The chief instrument of his conversion was a pious lady school teacher. He was so small as to find it necessary to stand on a seat or bench while he related his experience to the Church a few months afterwards. The conversion of children, now so common, was then a rare event, and generally regarded with a degree of distrust bordering on incredulity. Owing to his youthfulness both his mother and I were reluctant to consent to his baptism. On many occasions he manifested an earnest wish to receive the or-

dinance. On returning from school one day, he said, "Mother, when you will let me be baptized, my mind will be easy." We interposed no further objections. Not long after this he related his experience before the Church for baptism. I subjected him, in their presence, to a rigid examination. Among other questions, I asked:

"Why do you want to be baptized?"

"Because Christ was baptized, and I want to follow him," was his reply.

"Would you not rather be sprinkled, than go into the water?"

"No sir. The Saviour was baptized in the river, and I want to do as he did."

These and many similar replies were wholly of his own mind. All my objections were removed; and the Church received and I baptized him.

During my pastorate at Augusta, one wintry day, brother Eden Green, whom I had baptized from the Congregational Church, and my son Perry, were removing ice from the stream preparatory for baptism, when Rensselaer Wickham, a rather eccentric, quick-spoken man, a member of the Congregational Church, chanced to pass the place, and began some trifling raillery on their employment, inquiring if John had to cut the ice from Jordan, etc. They, in turn, asked for

his Scripture proofs of infant baptism. "Well, said he, in his sputtering manner of speech, "I don't know as there are any; but it does seem as if the poor little things ought to have something done for 'em."

In June, 1853, failing health compelled me reluctantly to retire from the active duties of the ministry. I therefore resigned my charge, and removed my family, now consisting of myself and wife, to Clinton, where I had a son-in-law residing.

I still continued to preach occasionally as circumstances required, and my health enabled me.

In the following February I removed to Madison, my former home, and purchased a house and a few acres of land, in the cultivation of which I spent most of my time for several years.

While living here I preached for a few months as supply to the Church in Augusta, now reduced to a small and feeble band. This was the last regular preaching they ever had, and not long afterwards the Church formally disbanded.

Two years after my removal to Madison I sold my place there and went to Hamilton, where my son Perry was living. (Professor P. P. Brown, Jr., Madison University), with whom I bought and occupied a home.

While living here I supplied the Church in Erieville for eleven months, at which place with my wife I spent the winter of 1856-7.

In the spring of 1858 I was recalled to Madison, after the resignation of Rev. L. C. Bates, and for the second time accepted the pastoral care of the Church which I retained for three years, when under the accumulated infirmities of age and disease—having now reached my seventieth year—on the first of March, 1860, I was succeeded by my son-in-law, Rev. Carlos Swift, in whose family we spent the following summer, in the old parsonage which had twice been our home. I finished my second pastorate in Madison just forty years from the day I preached my first sermon, and preached my last farewell—the closing up of my ministerial life—from the same text I used on that occasion.

During this summer I preached two or three months to the Church in Stockbridge. The first of October following, I returned to Hamilton, and again lived in the house which I jointly owned and occupied with my son Perry. Here, eighteen months later, on April 2, 1862, my wife, after a very painful but brief illness of two weeks, ended a laborious, self-denying, exemplary and useful life. We had traveled life's journey pleasantly together for fifty-two years. On the following Sunday,

the sixth, her funeral was attended in Madison, whither we carried her remains. The sermon was by Professor E. Dodge, of Madison University, from Heb. 4:9. (Now, March 9, 1872, and for some time past, President of the University). We buried her in the graveyard on the "Indian Opening," near the former site of the old Baptist meeting-house, between Madison and Solsville, where sleep many of the friends and associates of our early years, and where I wish my own dust at last to be laid.

CILDREN OF REV. PHILLIP PERRY AND
BETSY DICKEY BROWN.

Harley Philander: was born in Augusta, July 26, 1810; was twice married, and died at Rapids City, Illinois, May 31, 1863. A few years before his death he was hopefully converted and closed his life as an exemplary and highly esteemed minister of a Campbellite Church.

Charles Edwin: was born at Augusta, February 23, 1813. (His life is given in an autobiography in this book.)

William: was born in Smithfield, January 1, 1816.

He became a Christian in childhood and went, when fourteen years of age, to Hamilton

to attend the Literary and Theological Institute, becoming a member of the family of Deacon Olmsted, where he was boarded for such service as he could give, out of school hours.

Evenings, studying his lesson in Greek, his position was "sixth from the candle."

His mother said of him, "William was always a good boy."

He was ordained to the ministry in 1837, and offered his services as a foreign missionary, but for want of funds in the treasury of the missionary board, was not sent.

His life work was as pastor of Baptist Churches in New York—in Richfield, Newport, Eaton, Pittsford, Hartford, St. Edward and Rockwood, from 1837 to 1869.

In 1837 he was married to Miss Louisa E. Wright, at Westford.

In 1869 his health failed and he gave up his pastoral work and started west in the hope of regaining it. Stopping at New Hartford with Dr. and Mrs. Griswold, old time friends, he suddenly became worse and died August 9, 1869, and was buried at Newport.

He was a man of superior ability as a minister, of a genial, kindly and sociable disposition; beautifully sincere and earnest in his work, and was remarkably successful in restoring harmony and reuniting Churches in which discord and dissension had arisen.

Of four children, two sons and two daughters, two are living, at present, 1907. Mrs. Lewis E. Gurley, at Troy, New York, and Mrs. Frank H. Woodworth, at San Diego, California.

Phillip Perry Brown, Jr. Sketch of his life, from an Obituary, published in a St. Louis paper at the time of his death in that city in April, 1881.

"The Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, has met with a great loss in the recent death of General Brown. Born in Smithfield, New York, October 8, 1823, reared in a Christian home, at the age of eight years he was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church, by his honored father, Rev. P. P. Brown, so well remembered in Central New York. In the covenant meeting preceding his death, General Brown rose and with much feeling said, "This is my jubilee; for fifty years I have been a member of a Baptist church, and can remember no life outside of it."

At an early age he engaged in teaching in his native State, but his health failing, he went to Kentucky, where he soon recovered his health and resumed his profession. In December, 1845, he married Miss Sarah Jackson, of Louisville, Kentucky, who with two children survives him. Soon after his marriage he went to the Indian Territory, under

the auspices of the Southern Indian Mission Board, and took charge of Armstrong Academy, a school for the Choctaws. For five years he labored with great success as teacher and missionary, and translated the greater part of the New Testament into the Choctaw language. These were years of joy to his heart, and many were brought to Christ through his efforts. In April, 1851, he resigned and accepted the Principalship of the Preparatory Department of Shurtleff College, Alton, Illinois, in order that he might at the same time pursue his studies in the College, and then return to the Indians better fitted for his work. But his wish was not realized, for in May, 1853, he returned to New York and entered Madison University in the third term of Sophomore year, at the same time continuing his work as teacher in the Grammar School.

He graduated in 1855 and was principal of the University Grammar school until August, 1862, when he became Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Infantry. He commanded his regiment at Gettysburg, in the First Brigade, Third Division, Eleventh Army Corps, under Major General Carl Schurz, the first day, and Major General O. O. Howard, the second and third days of the battle.

In 1865 he was appointed Colonel of the Seventh Regiment of Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps, and commanded the Military Post at Philadelphia. He was breveted Brigadier General, for gallant and meritorious services and tendered an appointment as Colonel in the Regular Army at the close of the war. This he declined, preferring the pursuits of civil life, and in 1866 he came to Saint Louis and engaged in business.

General Brown was an accurate scholar and a deep thinker. Thoroughly rooted in the truths of the gospel, it was his constant aim to exemplify them in his life. He was pre-eminently a pure man, no unchaste word ever escaping his lips. He carried into mature years the sweet sincerity of childhood, and his whole deportment was that of a Christian gentleman. It was his special work to labor for the good of young men, of whom he was particularly fond, and who returned his affection with their fullest confidence. For years he stood in the vestibule of the Second church that he might welcome young men who were strangers in the city, and make them feel at home in God's house, and many such have been brought to Christ and saved from the perils of a great city by his kind, wise counsel. In every department of church work he was an efficient helper and counsellor.

Though firmly trusting in Christ as a personal Saviour, the fear of death at times greatly troubled him; but as he entered the valley of the shadow, to his pastor he said: "All fear of death is gone; the way is bright; I am happy." Two hours later he fell quietly asleep in Jesus.

Into the church, where his presence had so long been a benediction, his remains were borne by the strong arms of young men whom he loved and who loved him, on Sunday afternoon, April 10th, and appropriate services were conducted by Dr. Schofield and the pastor, in the presence of a large and tearful assembly. We laid his body to rest in the beautiful city of the dead, where soon a monument to his memory will be erected by the young men of the Second Church."

Adoniran Judson Brown: was born in Smithfield, March 7, 1826. In 1845 he came to Iowa, joining his brother Charles, at LeClaire. He began teaching school when sixteen years of age, in New York, and taught in Iowa three years when he first came west. He owned and operated the ferry across the Mississippi between LeClaire and Port Byron, beginning with a flat boat which had to be rowed by hand until a horse power boat could be built.

While teaching, one of his scholars was

Miss Paulina Rowe, a very bright, handsome and attractive little woman, who became his wife in 1847.

In 1850 he put up a building in Port Byron near the ferry landing, and opened a small store. Later he and William H. Devore formed a partnership under the firm name of Brown and Devore, doing a general mercantile business, on quite a large scale, operating a flouring mill, packing pork, and handling coal for the Mississippi river steam-boats. They did a large business, furnishing supplies for Minnesota and Wisconsin lumbermen on the upper Mississippi and tributaries.

He was a very capable business man, industrious, methodical and systematic, of high character. What he said could always be depended on. Brown and Devore carried on a successful, prosperous business while others failed. Mr. Brown was a good neighbor, kind and obliging, a public spirited citizen, and a model husband and father. He contracted consumption and died at Port Byron, Illinois, February 11, 1864.

Wilbur Mission Brown: was born in Augusta, July 2, 1833. Educated at Madison University, Hamilton, New York, graduating in 1856. Read law with Goodwin and Mitchell at Hamilton and later with Pratt and Mitchell

at Syracuse, becoming a member of the firm of Pratt, Mitchell and Brown, who were for many years prominent and leading lawyers of Central New York. He was a fine speaker. Close attention to business undermined his health and he was an invalid for years before his death, which occurred at Syracuse, January 27, 1898, unmarried, leaving property to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars to his relatives and friends. He was a man of superior ability, a tireless worker, genial, kindly, generous and sociable, standing high in his profession, of high character personally and professionally.

Sarah: was born in Smithfield, May 30, 1818. She was married, February 10, 1841, at Madison, New York, to Emerson Brown, of Litchfield. Though of the same name, her husband was not related to our family. For nine years after marriage her husband lived in Utica, working at his trade as a mason. They then went to Litchfield, and bought the old family homestead, where she passed the remainder of her life, and died October 2, 1879. She was an earnest devoted Christian woman, a faithful Church worker, and a loving wife, mother and home maker.

Ann: was born in Smithfield, October 22, 1820. She was married to Dr. A. K. White, of Smyrna, who died a year later.

She went to Kentucky as a teacher, and in 1850 was married to William Kelly, of Hopkinsville, a Kentucky planter, who died January 3, 1864, leaving her for the second time a widow and childless.

Mr. Kelly was a slave holder of the Shelby-St. Clare type described by Mrs. Stowe in Uncle Tom's Cabin. With his wife he visited her family in New York State in 1853. These relatives were nearly all radical Abolitionists, and an actual living and breathing owner and holder of slaves, was to them something abhorrent. But Mr. Kelly's genial, courtly manner disarmed hostility and made admiring friends of the members of the family whom he met. Mrs. Kelly was a very capable, accomplished woman. She died at the home of her brother, Charles, at Lime Springs, Iowa, in 1871.

Elvira: was born at Smithfield, December 3, 1829. On January 6, 1852, she was married at Holland Patent, New York, to the Rev. Carlos Swift, for many years a successful and worthy pastor of Baptist Churches in New York, Minnesota and Illinois.

Mrs. Swift was a zealous, earnest and devoted missionary worker, gifted with a fine intellect, a winning personality and a pleasing voice; for many years Corresponding Secre-

tary of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society, and was active and helpful in establishing the Women's Baptist Training School in Chicago.

She was a successful teacher of Men's Bible Classes, often numbering more than a hundred members. The work she loved best, was at the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, which was genuinely Evangelistic. She was loved, trusted and leaned upon by those associated with her in these fields of labor, and now that age and health no longer permit public work, she exemplifies the quiet graces of a Christian in the homes of her children.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMILY RECORD OF CHARLES E. BROWN.

My grandfather, Nathaniel Brown, was born in the town of Leicester, Massachusetts, November 5, 1767. Died in Hamburg, Erie county, New York, October 1, 1854.

My grandmother Brown, whose maiden name was Anna Perry, was born in Vermont, April 16, 1770. Died in the town of Augusta, Oneida county, New York, February 4, 1826.

CHILDREN.

Sally, born in Bennington, Vermont, January 3, 1788. Died in Augusta, New York, March 20, 1805.

Phillip Perry, (the name of his maternal grandfather), born in Bennington, Vermont, September 17, 1790. Died in Madison, New York, September 23, 1876.

Nathaniel, born in the town of Kirkland, Oneida county, New York, February 9, 1794.

Died in Manlius, Onondaga county, New York, April 24, 1852.

Polly, born in Kirkland, New York, July 31, 1797. Died in Hamburg, New York, probably 1856.

Sophia, born in Kirkland New York, May 25, 1800. Died February 4, 1804.

William, born in Augusta, New York, April 5, 1803. Died in Eaton, New York, January 11, 1841.

Parley, born in Augusta, New York, January 20, 1806. Died in Augusta, September 26, 1826.

Rufus, born in Augusta, New York, November 8, 1808. Died in Solsville, about 1885.

My mother, Betsy Dickey, was born in Wethersfield, Vermont, October 23, 1788. She had four brothers, Joseph, William, Daniel, and Adam, and one sister, all born in Wethersfield, Vermont. All died in the State of New York except Adam, who died in Iowa.

Phillip Perry Brown and Betsy Dickey were married in Augusta, New York, September 27, 1809. My mother died in Hamilton, New York, April 2, 1862.

RECORD OF THEIR CHILDREN.

Harley Philander—Born in Augusta, New York, July 30, 1810. Died at Rapids City, Illinois, May 31, 1863.

Charles Edwin—Born in Augusta, New York, February 23, 1813. Died at Ottumwa, Iowa, July 23, 1901.

William—Born in Smithfield, New York, January 1, 1816. Died at New Hartford, New York, August 9, 1869.

Sarah—Born in Smithfield, New York, May 30, 1818. Died in Litchfield, New York, October 2, 1879.

Ann—Born in Smithfield, New York, October 22, 1820. Died at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 28, 1870.

Phillip Perry, Jr.—Born in Smithfield, New York, October 8, 1823. Died in Saint Louis, in April, 1881.

Adoniran Judson—Born in Smithfield, New York, March 7, 1826. Died at Port Byron, Illinois, February 11, 1864.

Elvira—Born in Smithfield, New York, December 3, 1829.

Wilbur M.—Born in Augusta, New York, July 3, 1833. Died at Syracuse, New York, January 27, 1898.

FAMILY RECORD OF MY WIFE, FRANCES LYON.

Benjamin Lyon—Born in Rhode Island, April 5, 1770. Died in Russia, New York, October 24, 1826.

Margaret Duncan—Born December 23, 1780. Died in Openheim, New York, July 5, 1820.

Benjamin Lyon and Margaret Duncan were married the seventh of May, 1801.

CHILDREN OF BENJAMIN LYON AND
MARGARET DUNCAN.

Charles W.—Born March 4, 1802. Died in Watertown, New York, February, 1866.

Eleanor—Born March 20, 1803. Died in March, 1806.

Julia Ann—Born June 5, 1804. Died August, 1865.

Eliza — Born September 30, 1806. Died December, 1871.

Charlotte—Born September 29, 1808. Died August, 1829.

Mary—Born July 8, 1811. Died June, 1888.

Frances—Born April 15, 1813. Died June 12, 1887.

John—Born February 7, 1815. Died December, 1831.

George Duncan—Born February 20, 1817.
Died March, 1856.

Second marriage. Benjamin Lyon and Rosanna Hall were married in Russia, New York, May 26, 1822.

CHILDREN.

Margaret M.—Born March 7, 1823. Died, Muscatine, Iowa, August 11, 1904.

Lucretia Caroline—Born October 19, 1824.

Benjamin and Elisha (twins)—Born July 17, 1826.

Charles E. Brown and Frances Lyon were married at Little Falls, New York, September, 26, 1838.

FAMILY OF CHARLES E. AND FRANCES LYON BROWN.

Benjamin Perry—Born in Norway, Herkimer county, New York, July 30, 1839. Died, by drowning, near Maquoketa, Iowa, June 20, 1848.

The following extract is from the record in the family Bible, in father's hand writing:

"Benjamin Perry Brown was drowned in

the Maquoketa river near Maquoketa, Jackson county, Iowa, June 20, 1848.

"On the morning of the day on which he was drowned, he read with his parents and younger brother the first chapter of Mark."

"When floating on Life's troubled sea
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope with her radiant finger points
To brighter scenes in Heaven."

"She bids the anguished heart rejoice,
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful Heaven."

At the instance of his mother this verse was cut on his tomb stone:

"Shed not for him the bitter tear;
Or give the heart to vain regret,
'Tis but the casket that lies here;
The gem that filled it, sparkles yet."

Charles Perry—Born in Warren, Herkimer county, New York, October 30, 1840.

James DeGrush—Born in LeClaire township, Scott county, Iowa, February 9, 1846.

George Lyon and William Carlos, (twins),

Born in Norway, Herkimer county, New York, July 29, 1853. George L died from injuries received while coupling cars at St. Paul Junction. Minnesota, September 1, 1871.

DEATHS.

Rev. Charles E. Brown, born February 23, 1813. Died July 23, 1901.

Frances Lyon Brown, born April 15, 1813. Died June 12, 1887.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN

Charles Perry Brown and Miss Adeline P. Fall, married by me, at Vernon Springs, Howard county, Iowa, August 30, 1866.

James DeGrush Brown and Miss Ella T. Dye, at Owatonna, Minnesota, married by Rev. Enoch Dye, on May 13, 1874.

William Carlos Brown and Miss Mary Ella Hewitt, married by me at Lime Springs, Howard county, Iowa, June 3, 1874.

In 1875 three grand-children, all daughters, were born, one in each family.

Vinnie F., to James and Ella, at Lime Springs, Iowa, on April 5.

Georgia Frances, to Will and Mary Ella, at Wilton, Iowa, July 23.

Edith Adeline, to Charles and Addie, at Ottumwa, Iowa, August 3.

FAMILY RECORD OF CHARLES PERRY BROWN.

Charles Perry Brown, born October 30, 1840, in the town of Warren, in Herkimer county, New York.

Adeline Phoebe Fall, born near Beloit, Wisconsin, February 10, 1849.

Charles Perry Brown and Miss Adeline Phoebe Fall were married August 30, 1866, at Vernon Springs, Howard county, Iowa, by Rev. Charles E. Brown.

CILDREN OF CHARLES PERRY AND ADELIE
FALL BROWN.

Frances Lyon, born at Cresco, Iowa, October 6, 1868; died at McGregor, Iowa, August 31, 1869, and buried in the family lot of Rev. George W. Fall at Cresco, Iowa.

Benjamin Perry, born at McGregor, Iowa, December 11, 1869.

Charles Edwin, born at Ottumwa, Iowa, November 9, 1872, and died there October 14, 1874.

Edith Adeline, born at Ottumwa, Iowa, August 3, 1875; died at the Glockner Sanitarium, Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 6, 1893.

Louise Fall, born at Ottumwa, Iowa, January 28, 1881.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN AND BIRTH OF
GRAND-CHILDREN.

Benjamin Perry Brown and Miss Laura Kendall, were married at Ottumwa, Iowa, May 8, 1895, by Rev. L. F. Berry.

CHILDREN OF BENJAMIN P. AND LAURA
K. BROWN.

Frances, born at Ottumwa, Iowa, March 4, 1897.

Mary Louise, born at Ottumwa, Iowa, August 20, 1905.

Louise Fall Brown and Lester M. Linton were married May 2, 1905, at Ottumwa, Iowa, by Rev. P. A. Johnson.

DEATHS.

Adeline Fall Brown, died at Boulder, Colorado, April 20, 1903.

Frances Lyon, died at McGregor, Iowa,
August 31, 1869.

Charles Edwin, died at Ottumwa, Iowa, Oct-
ober 14, 1874.

Edith Adeline, died at Colorado Springs,
Colorado, June 6, 1893.

Frances Lyon is buried in the family lot of
her grandfather, Rev. George W. Fall, in the
Cresco cemetery.

Adeline Fall Brown, Charles Edwin and
Edith Adeline, are buried in the family lot in
the Ottumwa cemetery, at Ottumwa, Iowa.

FAMILY RECORD OF JAMES D. BROWN.

James D. Brown was born near LeClaire,
Scott county, Iowa, February 9, 1846.

Ella T. Dye was born at North Brookfield,
Madison county, New York, December 30,
1853.

James D. Brown and Miss Ella T. Dye were
married at Owatonna, in Steele county, Min-
nesota, May 13, 1874, by Rev. E. P. Dye,
father of the bride.

CHILDREN OF JAMES D. AND ELLA T.
DYE BROWN.

Vinnie Frances, born at Lime Springs, in Howard county, Iowa, April 5, 1875.

George Edwin, born at Lime Springs, Iowa, May 30, 1876.

Frances Margaret, born at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 1, 1879. Died at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 20, 1882.

Frank Logan, born at Lime Springs, Iowa, January 29, 1887.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN AND BIRTH OF
GRAND-CHILDREN.

George Edwin Brown and Jennie Olivia Johnson were married in Ottumwa, Iowa, March 4, 1903, by Rev. F. G. Davies.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE EDWIN AND JENNIE
JOHNSON BROWN.

Lloyd William Brown, born March 2, 1904.
Marion Frances Brown, born April 24, 1906.

FAMILY RECORD OF WILLIAM C. BROWN.

William C. Brown, born at Norway, Herkimer county, New York, July 29, 1853.

Mary Ella Hewitt, born at McHenry, in McHenry county, Illinois, July 19, 1854.

William C. Brown and Miss Mary Ella Hewitt were married at Lime Springs, in Howard county, Iowa, June 3, 1874, by Rev. C. E. Brown.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM C. AND MARY E.
HEWITT BROWN.

Georgia Frances, born at Wilton, Iowa, July 23, 1875.

Charles Edwin, born at Burlington, Iowa, September 11, 1877. Died at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 11, 1882.

Lura Belle, born at Lime Springs, Iowa, July 17, 1880. Died at Beardstown, Illinois, February 25, 1882.

Bertha Adelaide, born at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 2, 1882.

Margaret Heddens, born at Saint Joseph, Missouri, March 28, 1891.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN AND BIRTH OF
GRAND-CHILDREN.

Georgia Frances Brown and Dr. Frank

Ellis Pierce, were married in Chicago, April 12, 1899, by Rev. Percival McIntire.

CHILDREN OF DR. FRANK E. AND GEORGIA
BROWN PIERCE.

William Brown Pierce, born in Chicago, March 6, 1900.

John Henry Pierce, born in Chicago, July 8, 1906.

Bertha Adelaide Brown and Dr. Kellogg Speed, were married in Chicago, April 12, 1904, by Rev. John H. Hopkins.

CHILDREN OF DR. KELLOGG AND BERTHA
A. B. SPEED.

Bertha Brown Speed, born in Chicago, October 8, 1905.

DEATHS OF CHILDREN OF WILLIAM C. AND
ELLA H. BROWN.

Lura Belle, died at Beardstown, Illinois, February 25, 1882; and is buried in the family lot at Lime Springs, Iowa.

Charles Edwin, died at Lime Springs, Iowa, September 11, 1882; and is buried there in the family lot in the cemetery.

APPENDIX.



RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

BY THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

OF

THE IOWA LEGISLATURE.



MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

REV. J. W. WEDDELL, D. D.

OCTOBER 6, 1901.

AT CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH,
DAVENPORT, IOWA.



LETTER FROM WILBUR M. BROWN, REFERRING
TO ORIGINAL EDITION OF THESE RECOLLECTIONS.

JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE.

HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
DES MOINES, IOWA, Thursday, February 13, 1902. §

House met pursuant to adjournment, Speaker Eaton presiding.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. G. Beyer, of Maynard, Iowa.

* * * * *

REPORT OF COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO DRAFT RESOLUTIONS
OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF HON. CHAS. E. BROWN.

MR. SPEAKER—Your committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the Hon. Charles E. Brown, respectfully submit the following:

WHEREAS, Rev. Charles E. Brown, an honored member of the Seventeenth General Assembly of Iowa from Howard county, died in Ottumwa, July 23, 1901, and

WHEREAS, The life and character of the deceased were such as to command our love and esteem, and his public services to the state and country were of such distinction as to demand the respect and gratitude of his fellow citizens; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death the state has lost an able conscientious citizen, a man who suffered the inconvenience of pioneer life in the cause of religion and state, that we extend to his children our sincere sympathy in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the Journ-

al of the House, and the Chief Clerk of the House be instructed to present an engrossed copy thereof to his sons.

A. W. BUCHANAN,
W. K. BARKER,
RAYMOND C. LANGAN,
Committee.

Mr. Buchanan moved the adoption of the report of the committee.

Adopted unanimously by rising vote.

The following speeches by Buchanan of Wapello, Barker of Howard, Langan of Clinton, on the death of Rev. Mr. Brown, were ordered printed in the Journal on motion of Warren of Marion.

Mr. Buchanan said:

MR. SPEAKER—It is not the intention to take the time of this House in a long eulogy of the deceased. His life of usefulness to the state should not be passed without some little comment.

Charles E. Brown left his home in New York in 1842. He came to the territory of Iowa as a pioneer missionary. He was a man of excellent judgment, strong character, and of a progressive nature, and could have attained a high place in the commercial world, but preferred rather to devote his life to the betterment of his fellow men. He gained no great wealth, but was able to give his sons an education that has given to the state men eminent in the railroad and commercial world.

It was not my privilege to know the deceased personally; coming to our city at the advanced age of over four score years he made but few acquaintances, but those who knew him well, held him in high esteem.

Being possessed of his full mental faculties he saw the approaching end and was full of the faith, and died as he

had lived, believing if a man die he shall live again.

Mr. Speaker, I move the rules be suspended and this resolution be adopted by a rising vote.

Mr. Barker said:

MR. SPEAKER-- It is for us to pause a moment in our legislative duties that our thoughts may revert to the early pioneers of our state who have passed the way of all mortality—that we may pay our tributes of respect to their memory, their virtues, and their worth.

The life of the subject of these memorial resolutions was measured by more than four score and eight years and about half that long and useful life was passed in Howard county.

It therefore seems proper that I, as the representative of that county in this general assembly, should add my contribution to his worth as a man and as a citizen of our county and state.

Charles E. Brown was born in Oneida county, N. Y., February 23, 1813, and died in Ottumwa, July 23, 1901.

He studied for the ministry and was a graduate of Madison university, New York. He was married in 1838 to Miss Frances Lyon, who was his companion for nearly fifty years in his journey upon earth. Three sons survive him, two of them being worthy citizens of Wapello county, Iowa, and the third has gained a national reputation in railroad circles by rising from the humble position of brakeman to that of general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, and then vice-president of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway, and is at this time vice-president of the New York Central.

Soon after leaving college, the subject of these resolutions concluded to devote his life to the service of his fellowman as a missionary. Leaving his home of comparative comfort in New York, he came west in 1842 and settled in the territory of Iowa about two miles from Maquoketa, in Jackson county, and for the greater part of the next twelve years he devoted his time to his work among the early settlers, from Davenport northward to

Minnesota, facing the storms of winter among the pioneers with that tireless energy and zeal which was characteristic of him in any cause he espoused.

At or about the organization of Howard county, he settled there and was elected its first county superintendent of schools.

He was also an active and an honored member of the Seventeenth General Assembly, serving acceptably in that body as representative of Howard county.

Throughout his life, whether in the cabin or more pretentious dwelling, he was always the same social, devout Christian gentleman, practicing in his daily walk those precepts he sought to inculcate in others. He was intensely loyal and patriotic and when his conclusions were reached upon any subject, they were definite and positive.

He advocated his religious and political opinions with earnestness, sincerity, and fidelity, and he was never vacilating or uncertain. He had a clear head and a strong mind. He was never known to compromise with what he believed to be a wrong.

In short, his life was spent in the service of mankind and it was his greatest pleasure to aid in the uplifting of all humanity and for those in affliction he was generous and was ever ready with kindly sympathy and assistance.

When the infirmities of age were gathering about him, when he realized his time on earth was short, without sickness, without pain, and without a murmur, he folded his hands across his breast and lapsed into that dreamless sleep from which there is no awakening upon earth, but he had an abiding faith and trust that, in a better world, he would awaken in the likeness of his Master that he had served so long and faithfully.

I second the motion of the gentleman from Wapello to adopt the resolutions.

Mr. Langan said :

MR. SPEAKER—A word and I am done.

I shall not attempt to give a biographical sketch of the

deceased, nor dwell at length upon his private or public life. That has been done by those more intimate with him than I. However, it should be an especial pleasure to every young man to chronicle to the world some characteristics of those who have lived long and served the interests of the state well and good.

The subject of these resolutions, Rev. C. E. Brown, a member of the Seventeenth General Assembly of Iowa, settled in Jackson county, adjoining my home county on the north, some sixty years ago. In the wilderness of that county, with but the meager compensation of one hundred dollars per year, he served the scattered population as a missionary, administering to them the consolation of his sacred calling. Coming from New York an educated young man, possessing qualifications which would have entitled him to recognition amid the environments of his own state, he demonstrated his earnest and sacrificing nature. The duties of his vocation were ever pleasant. His labors for religion and state were ceaseless. While he expounded the truths of the gospel from the rudely devised and primitively constructed pulpit, he exemplified good citizenship by his daily life. His unselfish spirit prevailed through life. Death only could release him from his chosen work. A few lines from his home paper tells the reward of his beautiful life.

"Death came in his eighty-ninth year, July 23, 1901, at Ottumwa, Iowa, from a gradual failing of his vital powers, and the end was peaceful and painless."

What more in this world can we ask for than a happy death at the completion of life's labors?

Thus ended a man who made the world better for having lived, better for having played a part on the stage of life. Thus ended a pioneer, a type of man which from natural and apparent reasons, is rapidly passing away. Each general assembly records on its journal the names of former members who are called to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Too much cannot be said of the man who braved the vicissitudes which beset the path of the pioneer. No inco-

mium expresses or contemplates the suffering endured by him. The proud State of Iowa stands as a monument to his labors. His work is a matter of history. Hardly had the hand of the pioneer father felled the oak of the forests and placed it as a log of the sheltering cabin till duty's cause called a son to service on the battle field. Some returned to enjoy the labor of the past, others sleep beneath the ground they consecrated with their lives.

We can never fully estimate the debt of gratitude we owe the pioneer. Only the highest type of the unselfish man could have faced the task. His work had the force of the mythical wand of magic and transformed the once impenetrable forests and prairies of Iowa to fields teeming in wealth. A word of consideration is, at the best, but meager recognition of service tendered the state when there was a scarcity of learning but a broad field of conquest.

That service made possible the bright galaxy of Iowa statesmen now at Washington. It made possible a Wilson, a Shaw, a Dolliver, and an Allison.

Mr. Speaker, let the name of him who has passed away be cherished by the members of this assembly; let the history of his life be preserved as the reward of one who nurtured society in its infancy with the sustaining and soothing influence of a guardian during the wild and tumultuous period of pioneer days.



LEST WE FORGET.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE

IN HONOR OF

REV. CHARLES E. BROWN.

Delivered at Calvary Baptist Church,

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

October 6, 1901.

BY

J. W. WEDDELL, D. D.

Pastor of the Church.

REV. CHARLES E. BROWN.

FEB. 20, 1813—JULY 23, 1901

“Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life’s long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.”

LEST WE FORGET.

"Beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth." Deut. 6: 12.

"Lest we forget," "lest we forget." O how easily we lose sight, in better times, of the days of privation and toil! "Beware." Elsewhere Moses says, (8: 2) "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee."

It seems strange that memory should need exhortation and command, or that the church of God should require such oft reminder of the past, but, alas, we are prone to forget, in prosperous days, the way by which we have been led in the initial times of trial and testing. Families overlook their old environments, sons and daughters happy in the possession of rich estates and the luxuries of wealth, forget the toil of father and mother or of grandfather and grandmother at the forge, or the bench, or behind the plow, bending to the laborious accumulation of the things their children now enjoy.

In the same way, Moses, casting his eye forward, wise statesman that he was, as well as prophet, foresaw the time when the children of Israel, blest in the enjoyment of things for which they had labored not, would forget the hardships endured by the fathers in an early day and the God that brought them out; therefore he urged them to recall these things often and so keep in a humble and grateful and reverent frame of mind toward the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

We are not free from a like peril. Ours is a wonderful heritage in this Iowa land. Prosperity beyond the com-

mon lot of man has crowned the efforts that have been put forth, and we find ourselves in the midst of richly productive conditions. These have come to us, under God's kind hand, as a legacy from the past. "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors;" or the fruits of their labors. "Great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not, and houses full of all good things which thou filledst not, and wells which thou diggedst not, and vineyards and olive trees which thou plantedst not."

Now, we rejoice in this blessed inheritance; but there is danger here. Let us listen to the prudent admonition of Moses, the man of God, spoken for people in just such prosperous surroundings as belong to us today in this fair state of ours: "When thou shalt have eaten and be full, then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage." The lesson is plain. In days of affluence and ease remember the beginning days, when God's succoring hand was especially manifest, lest we forget God and along with God, the sources of all present, past and future good.

The recent sixtieth annual session of the Davenport Baptist Association was sadly accentuated by the death of the venerable and beloved father in the faith, Rev. Charles E. Brown, one of the first preachers of the gospel in this region. We are hereby led to a recall of the early incidents and events that marked the beginning days of our Baptist interests in this state.

Our fathers in the faith were aggressive, and we began Baptist history right along with the records of the organization of the territory. From earliest times this country lying west of the Mississippi and along the forty-first and forty-second parallels of latitude was recognized as a choice spot for homes and farms and cities. A veritable garden of the Lord, it seemed to the earliest comers, and the tales they tell of its park-like appearance as their eyes first rested upon it are interesting to hear and we catch a bit of that first enthusiasm as we listen.

But the enthusiasm and vim of these first settlers, seeking lands and houses and earthly things, was watched by

the high purpose of the early preachers of the gospel. Witness the earnestness of soul and energy of hand and foot, which such men as those devoted seekers of souls and spiritual things, the Iowa Band of Andover students, exemplified, as they left the snug ensconcements of the east and plunged into these new and untried but not unpromising surroundings. And so our Baptist fathers were here ere the Redman had disappeared or the buffalo had ceased to tramp across our fertile western hills and prairies. Chapels arose with saw mills, and churches with factories, and preceding these, the land prospector and the scout of civilization shared the rude but kindly hospitality of the plains with the hardy and hopeful pioneer preacher and missionary. In this, these noble men were but proving their calling of the Lord and carrying out that good spirit of the first evangelists of the gospel, who in answer to the Macedonian cry that kept ever leading farther out and on, were found "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen (i. e. other countrymen), in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Of such good witness and testimony Paul gives record in II Cor. 11: 26-27. The early workers in the planting of churches and Sunday schools of our faith and order in Iowa, had their share of these divine credentials.

We are familiar with the fact that the first church to be organized in Iowa was that at Danville, in 1834, under Elder John Logan, a name since honored in the nation, who came across from the Illinois interior to help form the initial Baptist nucleus. That was down Burlingtonwards at old Long Creek, as then called. In 1839 the Home Mission Society commissioned Calvin Greenleaf to come over from Griggsville, Illinois, and organize the growing Baptist band at Davenport into a church society. Rev. Titus Gillett of Rock Island, completing the organization. About the same time Hezekiah Johnson, the father of Dr. Frank-

lin Johnson, of the University of Chicago, who very appropriately, a few years since, preached the sixtieth anniversary sermon at Davenport, and Ezra Fisher, who is known as the first pastor, at Davenport, appear upon the records. These two started from the latter place a little later on the venturesome and heroic overland journey to Oregon. The hopeful and self-sacrificing spirit of those days may be judged from the further fact that when the first state or rather territorial convention was held in 1842 at Iowa City, M. W. Rudd, late of Washington, Iowa, walked seventy-five miles to attend the meeting, helped along a little by holding on to the pommel of another brother's saddle.

Rev. S. H. Mitchell in his Historical Sketch of Iowa Baptists, to which thesaurus of biographic material we are not a little indebted, also instances the fact that at the time when the first meeting of the Davenport association was held at Davenport in 1842, a missionary and his wife traveled forty miles to attend the meeting, startling even the primitive settlement of Davenport as he drove in "on a one horse cart, constructed out of the hind wheels and axle of an old lumber wagon, with a couple of old rails for thills and a bundle of oats for a cushion."

It was at this meeting and that of the territorial convention a month or two previous that Rev. Charles E. Brown's name first appears, though he had been preaching and visiting for some months at Maquoketa and in the vicinity. He took a prominent part in the organization of the churches into associational form. At this time there were seven within range. Rock Island being at first included. It was stated by Brother Brown as a curious occasion for the associational date that it was so fixed as to avoid the sickly season--when is that?--and also to bring the meetings at a time when fruits, vegetables and chickens would be abundant. The association still follows in a way this wholesome precedent.

The brother who came to this first association in the modest make-shift of a conveyance, above referred to, caring more, as was right, for the high requirements of the occasion than for its conveniences or discomforts, was none

other, as his own "Personal Reminiscences" tell, than Father Brown. He had lately settled as missionary pastor at the Forks of Maquoketa, and felt that as a faithful steward he must not miss the meeting. But how should he and his wife attend, the only vehicle within reach having left the settlement? Here is his own characteristic account of the affair: "I secured the loan of the hind wheels and axletree of a Hoosier lumber wagon, went to the fence and got poles suitable for thills, and whit a board on wooden pegs, we were soon ready for the forty mile trip." He adds somewhat facetiously, in view of the wild sensations his arrival made, "Although road carts were not as popular and common then as now, we felt not the slightest embarrassment in driving up in front of the residence of Dr. Witherwax." The meetings, he says, were held in a small frame building on Front street, the Baptist church having been planted here three years before, in September, 1839. A brick meeting-house, however, was erected shortly after the association, at the southeast corner of Fourth and Brady streets.

The first meeting of the Davenport association, with all its limitations, is said by Brother Brown, to have been one of sweet and precious interest, and after singing the old-time hymn,

"From Whence doth this Union Arise?"

"the brethren reluctantly parted to their homes and to their work." These, he continues, "were not days of railroad coaches and cushioned carriages, but emigrant trails, unbridged rivers, creeks and sloughs, old lumber wagons, prairie schooners and old dilapidated saddles. But precious enjoyment in this pioneer missionary life and work. How sweet the memory still." Unbridged rivers, however, and other hindrances did not deter such resolute spirits as these. Once cut off by a washout in the prairie, when on his way with Mrs. Brown to the meeting of the first territorial convention at Iowa City, with a sharp cut of the whip he leaped his horse, wagon and all, across the chasm, gathering together his scattered effects as best he could,

on the other side of the gully; and at another time when arrested by a swollen stream, on the way to Mt. Pleasant (to the second territorial convention), he cut a grape-vine, swam the stream and pulled over the wagon piece meal, putting it together again on the farther bank. In this connection we may mention the humble manner in which Father Brown and his little family started out on the overland journey from Chicago. They had already been a score of days coming by canal boat and steamer from the interior of York state.

Here was the manner of the home-stretch, heroic and handsome, in its way:

"On Monday we hired a man from Rockford who had been in with a load, to take us and our goods to Savanna, on the Mississippi river. It was a lumber wagon. After loading the boxes, the rocking chair, which we had brought from our New York home, was fastened on top of one of the boxes; a little chair from a furniture store was fastened to the side of the rocker. My good wife cheerfully mounted and took her seat in the rocking chair and the youngest child in her lap and the other one by her side, remarking, 'Now this is first rate.' I took a seat on a box beside the driver with our feet resting on the whiffletrees, ready for a trip of two hundred miles to our future home in the state of Iowa." So they made their advent on the scene of their labors.

That was what it cost in endurance and hard labor, to start things agoing religiously in these parts. Some idea of the compensations of the pioneers may be learned from the records of that first winter following the association, spent by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, because of the severity of the weather, in Davenport. "For weeks," he says, "in the dead of winter we had revival meetings in the court house at Rock Island, and by reason of the solid ice bridge on the Mississippi river the Davenport people could attend and take part in the meetings over the water, and did and shared largely in the results of the good work. Over forty were received by baptism into the two churches." Davenport alone received eighteen by baptism and fifteen by letter.

Following this meeting, Elder Brown went up the river and organized the churches at Camanche and Port Byron, LeClaire having been in existence since the spring of 1839.

In those days Davenport Association bulked larger than it does today. It covered all the territory of Northern Iowa and reached over into Minnesota. Iowa City in its further bounds, the then capital of the state, was North America's farthest western mission point. There was no mission station between it and the coast. This was true as late as 1845. There were indeed waste places in Iowa in those days, and wide distances intervened. One worthy brother, asked to visit a certain field, wrote, "I have no way to go, but to walk or ride an ox." And yet the brethren of the state board by dint of much sacrifice, managed to meet and consult and devise in the interest of the churches. We shall never know the hardships necessitated or the pains and perils passed through. State Missionary Smith one time in the early days started out on horseback to attend the Board meeting at Dubuque. It was freezing cold and growing colder. The first day he managed to get from Iowa City to Anamosa, through the bitter wind. The next morning, in spite of the protestations of his friends, frail man that he was physically, he set out in the teeth of a blizzard, across what was called Bowen's Prairie, reaching at night-fall a little cabin at what is now Monticello, half frozen, but still pressing on. The next day he was off again for Cascade, stumbling along through the drifting snow, and the next day, faint but pursuing, he reached his coveted destination at Dubuque, and there met the brethren and transacted the work of the Lord.

Ah, those were days of heroism, and we do well to honor the faith and fortitude of such men in laying the foundations of our work in the state. There was rich promise in the soil and the stimulus of a contagious spirit of hope and expectation in the air, but morally and religiously it was a time that tried men's hearts. Those of us who were accustomed to hear Elder Brown on his oft repeated visits to the scene of his former labors—one of the amenities of his later days, for which he and we are indebted to his son,

Superintendent Brown, formerly General Manager of the C. B. & Q., now Vice-President of the Lake Shore Railroad, who also, we may say, is the thoughtful publisher of this booklet—those of us, who heard his terse and direct reminders of former days, will not soon forget one incident he used to relate with zest. We can see him now as he told it to us, half leaning on his cane, the old Rock Island court house cane (cut from its timbers) which he thought so much of.

"When we came," he used to say, "to the Forks of the Maquoketa, wife and I, it was new ground, and we were far from our old friends and among strangers. We found very few at first that cared for the things of Christ, and a thick mist had settled down upon everything, far and near, that made the burden of our homesickness all the more heavy. But out on my rounds, looking for the lost sheep of the house of Israel, the wind came up, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds and with it came a sense of God's help and a new lifting of the heart. I saw the broad fields and forests and the beautiful landscape, dotted with new homes, as I had not seen it before, and I thanked God that he had led me to cast my lot with this people to lead their thoughts to heavenly things; and what was best of all, as I rode up on my horse toward the log hut where we were stopping, I saw my dear wife coming out to see me, with a new light in her eye, and as she met me she said, 'Charles, we have come to Iowa to do good, and will stay and trust in the Lord!' It was all different after that, and the work went right on."

It was a good work in those days of the forties and fifties. There was a freedom and sprightliness in the atmosphere, a cheery temper to the soul, and though money was not plentiful, men gave cordially and promptly to all good objects, and sometimes with a liberality that shames the tame generosity of these more prosperous days.

Dr. Dexter P. Smith, to whom reference has already been made, at one time missionary (from 1845 to 1851) of the Home Mission Society at Iowa City, and afterwards (from 1851 to 1859) in the employ of the American Sunday

School Union, as general missionary for Iowa, tells this unique incident of those times. "February 17, 1856, I was in Davenport. In the morning I preached in the Congregational church and received a collection of \$60.25. In the evening I addressed a union meeting at the Baptist church. Cash collection, \$103.00. Slips of paper were circulated for subscriptions. Upon one of these small slips was the following subscription: 'Martin Reisorf, one thousand dollars (\$1,000), payable at Cook & Sargent's Bank, Davenport, October 2, 1856.' As no one of the friends knew any one in Davenport by the name of Martin Reisorf, the subscription was valued at a discount of about one hundred per cent. The next morning, with a friend, I inquired at Cook & Sargent's Bank, but the officials knew of no such person, which strengthened the belief that it was a mere hoax, and that we should hear no more of it. But my own mind was strongly impressed that God had touched the heart of some one, and disposed him to do a noble thing for the good cause. Just before the subscription matured, upon the streets of Davenport, a stranger met the Rev. E. M. Miles, pastor of the Baptist church, and inquired, 'Do you recollect that a subscription of \$1,000 for the Sunday School work was given in response to Mr. Smith's recent lecture and appeal?' 'I recollect it very well,' said Mr. Miles, and the stranger continued: 'Can you convey the funds to Mr. Smith without trouble?' Mr. Miles assured him that it could be done without the least trouble. 'Then,' said the unknown stranger, 'I will pay the amount to you instead of depositing it at the bank,' and he handed him a purse of gold containing a thousand dollars in fifty pieces of twenty dollars each. In the excitement of the moment the stranger passed from sight, and from that day search was made in vain for the generous donor."

The Iowa Board of State Missions in connection with the State Convention was organized in 1855. Rev. Elihu Gunn, the corresponding secretary, thus describes the field as it was then. "The state of Iowa is at present filling up by an immigration altogether unexampled in the history of our country. It is computed by those best qualified to

judge that not less than two hundred thousand people have found homes within the ample borders of our state within the last two years." "The great thoroughfares of travel along the line of the lakes uniting the Atlantic cities with the Mississippi river, have been choked with emigrants from all the eastern and middle states." "Every point of transit across the Mississippi has been crowded with the canvas-covered wagons of the hardy pioneers from other western states." "Whole townships and counties have been taken up and settled as by magic. Tracts of country, scores and even hundreds of miles in extent, where but two years ago the wild Indians disputed the possession, only with the prairie wolf and the elk, are now dotted all over with the rude cabins of the settlers."

Into such a scene of activity our missionary fathers entered with a vim and vigor for eternal interests commensurate with the zeal and zest for perishing things, that was all about them. It is to be noted however, that Rev. I. M. Seay, the first missionary of the society, received but \$75.00 for his first year's work.

But despise not the day of small things. With the appointment of Rev. J. Y. Aitchison to the secretaryship in the following year, practical methods were put into operation and \$2,087 20 was raised and expended in direct missionary work throughout the state. It is with no complacency that we compare this courageous and hopeful doing with our statistics of the past year. We are giving at present but \$8,000 in round numbers and this with a state population many times as large as in 1855, and a Baptist constituency at the present time of 40,000 or more. This ill proportion in contributions is not because of lessened requirement; the need is greater than ever before. Multitudes of growing cities and communities are without Baptist preaching, and many of them without evangelical services of any kind. Several evangelists might profitably be employed in each of the four sections of the state, but the money is lacking, and the fields wait in vain.

Neither is this lack of adequate funds because of a dearth of resources in the state. We are a rich and prosperous

commonwealth Statistics show that Iowa stands well to the front, if not altogether foremost, in the earnings and savings of its populace, and the recent cry of drouth and calamity has been proven wholly gratuitous and ungracious, in view of the large returns that are ours in these later months from the fertile fields and rich orchards, not to speak of the thrifty markets of the state. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we are affluent and well-to-do as compared with our brethren of some other states and territories. Instead of basely and falsely repining over fancied or feigned poverty, we should rejoice in present blessings and respond this year to mission appeal with a thank offering that should bear some due relation to the kind gifts that have been bountifully showered upon us from the skies. "Freely ye have received, freely give." So may we respect the fathers and prove that their spirit of courage and self-sacrifice has not perished from the earth.

Looking back at the consecrated labors of these worthies, what shall we say? It is piety that we lack, my brethren, down-right piety, and devotion to the higher interests of the soul. Our very prosperity has drawn our thoughts away from spiritual things and made us, for the most part, to turn our accumulations straight back into other channels of money-getting instead of investing, as once we were prompt to do, in the enterprise of soul winning and the interests of the kingdom. Let us beware lest God send us judgment of genuine famine and pestilence in the land to remind us of our dependence upon Him and to teach us to be humble and thankful toward Him from whom all blessings flow.

In conclusion, if we would keep in mind the stirring events of the past and honor the noble veterans of the cross, who labored and wrought in the days of small things—

We shall maintain the cause to which they gave so ungrudgingly in toil and sacrifice—

We shall endeavor in our day and generation with due

gifts and devotion to finish the work which they began and passed on to us—

We shall seek, in a like humble and heroic spirit, in the times that now are, to love and serve the Christ to whom they gave in lavish unstintedness, life and loyalty. So shall we remember the fathers that are gone and rightly aid the generations yet to come.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK,
February 16, 1894.

Dear Brother Charles:

I duly received your Book of Personal Reminiscences, and I most cordially thank you for it. I read it mostly through the first day I received it, and I am reading now again. It interests me intensely I'll assure you and as I read it I could not help thinking that although we are brothers yet how little I knew of your life. Your Missionary years in Iowa and their incidents as related by you, I knew nothing of and of course the book is at once a novel and a revelation to me.

And then, it is a most loving and affectionate tribute to the memory of sister Frances, concerning whom, from my earliest childhood to the day of her death, I heard only words of special endearment from all the members of the family.

She occupied a most conspicuous place in the tender regard of Father and Mother and her memory to me is most sweet and precious. I am glad to know that you are so well and contented, and what a comfort it must be to you to think that you have lived a life of Christian usefulness and that your sons are upright, worthy and noble men. I wish I had such comforts now to brighten the shady side of life. I wish I could see you and the family, but can't just yet.

I am most lovingly your brother,

WILBUR.

THE END

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